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A Villa in Capri.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Sir William B. Richmond and His Work.

I.—EARLY INFLUENCES.

SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND was born in London on November 29th, 1843. He is the son of the well-known portrait painter, Mr. George Richmond, and is one of a large family. Contrary to the established tradition of romance, that the eldest or the youngest sons are those who achieve or inherit distinction, he came in the very centre of his family, and reversed the order of fiction by asserting in his instance a fact.

From his earliest days beauty of every kind appealed with growing force to the sensitive and imaginative child, while the eager brain was even then busy with multitudinous fancies and speculations. These often led him to stand aside from the press of life, inactive, apparently, but in reality watching with curious and observant eyes all that went on; or lost in deep wonder and thought over "the world's turning." His early surroundings and education were such as to encourage and intensify these tendencies. Few children have ever been brought up in an atmosphere more entirely embued with the artistic spirit than were he and his brothers and sisters. The first book put into his hands as a child was Blake's "Illustrations to the Book of Job," and this is a typical fact of the influences brought to bear upon his whole childhood and after career. Mr. Richmond was a man of wide and cultivated taste, both in literature and art, and his house in York Street was a gathering place for a small and intimate circle of friends united under the poetic influence of Blake.

Among these was Sir William's godfather, Samuel Palmer, the poetic landscape painter, also a fine musician, with a powerful tenor voice, so searching, that once when he was singing on one of the highest hills above Shoreham, it was heard ringing down the valley. Then there was

Photo. Caswall Smith.

Mrs. David Little.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

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Edward Calvert, a strange, dreamy Pagan, whose garden contained an altar to Pan, and whose companionship used to be in the highest degree delightful to Sir William, young as he was. Calvert would have the boy to stay with him at Hampton Court, and enchant him with stories of his wanderings in Greece among the Arcadian Hills, quote Virgil to him, and, as illustration to the text, show him portfolios of the most delicate pastoral drawings.

Mr. Palmer was also a great lover of Virgil, and in his Virgilian designs, as well as in his translation of the Eclogues, he entirely seized the spirit of the poet. Another member of this gifted coterie was the interesting Swedenborgian, Francis Oliver Finch — poet, philosopher, painter, and charming musician; indeed, his rendering of the old English songs used to be compared to that of Braham's. Many others there were, all early friends of Mr. George Richmond's, uniting in venerating and looking up to their inspired leader, William Blake.

This band of serious artists was in a measure analogous to the later company of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, with whose dispersal hero-worship seems almost to have gone out of fashion, leaving little better in its place than cynical indifference. Certainly it is difficult to imagine in these days that young men should venerate a personality living on the third floor of 3, Fountain Court, Strand, with such enthusiasm that the bell-handle communicating with the gifted but poor painter and poet was always kissed before being pulled. Mr. Richmond, when a boy of eighteen, once had the honour of walking with Mr. Blake from Regent's Park to the Strand, and described his sensation thus: "I felt walking on air, and as if I'd been talking to the Prophet Isaiah." It is a coincidence, and leads one to wonder if there is anything in a name, that he should have selected the one of his sons who was to become so distinguished, and whose name stands at the head of this article, to name after his hero. Certainly the spirit of Blake has in a measure fallen upon his namesake, for though their work has been widely different, there is in both the same poetic imagination, the same reaching up to a lofty inspiration, the same strong emotion held in restraint; and all through his life Sir William has had the keenest veneration and admiration for the poet-painter, whom he resembles likewise in his love for literature as well as for painting.

Photo. Caswall Smith.

Death and Sleep carrying the body of Sarpedon to Lycia (p. 17).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Photo. Caswall Smith.

The Release of Prometheus by Hercules (p. 17).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Other visitors at Mr. Richmond's house in those early days were Sir John Everett Millais, then quite a young man, but already known as the painter of 'The Carpenter's Shop,' Mr. Holman Hunt, and one who was to become a very important element in Sir William's life, Mr. Ruskin. To an imagination already eagerly alert, those surroundings must have been stimulating in the highest degree, and the strong personal affection that he felt for many of his father's friends, led him to be with them as much as possible, and so unconsciously to assimilate much that must at that time have been beyond his comprehension. It is easy to imagine the fascination of those gatherings in York Street in the long evenings after the day's work was over. The eager enthusiastic men dropping in one by one, Mrs. Richmond with her beautiful clear-cut profile and gracious stately presence, throwing a charm over the scene, the keen intellectual talk, the music, the general atmosphere of something beyond and above the every-day world. No wonder that the child was thrilled and inspired, and his nature steeped in impressions to bear such fruit in after years.

There was a curious concentration of home life

Photo. Hollyer.

Joan of Arc.
A Pastel Sketch.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

too; intimate friends being there so often as to become part of the family circle, the children being always encouraged to mix freely with them. People mostly dined in the middle of the day then, late dinner not having come into fashion among workers. After tea the children took their places at the long table, drawing-boards were brought out, and they drew, either designing or copying, while the father, mother, or some friend, read aloud till bed-time. This, night after night, generally with an interval for music. The books chosen were always the very best, and nothing else was allowed. Mr. Richmond had a keen love of literature, especially of poetry, and he used to read Milton, Bunyan, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and the Bible to his children from their earliest days. Later he read to them Clarissa Harlowe and Sir Charles Grandison, and other great novels, including "Les Misérables" when it first came out, so that they all started in life with an unusually extensive knowledge of the masterpieces of English literature. He also used to delight them with stories of the people with whom he mixed in his capacity of portrait painter; moving in the most distinguished society of London, he was greatly in demand, for he was an unrivalled raconteur. Almost the only social excitement was acting charades, and the Richmond family developed into a kind of travelling company, and used to hold charade meetings at different friends' houses.

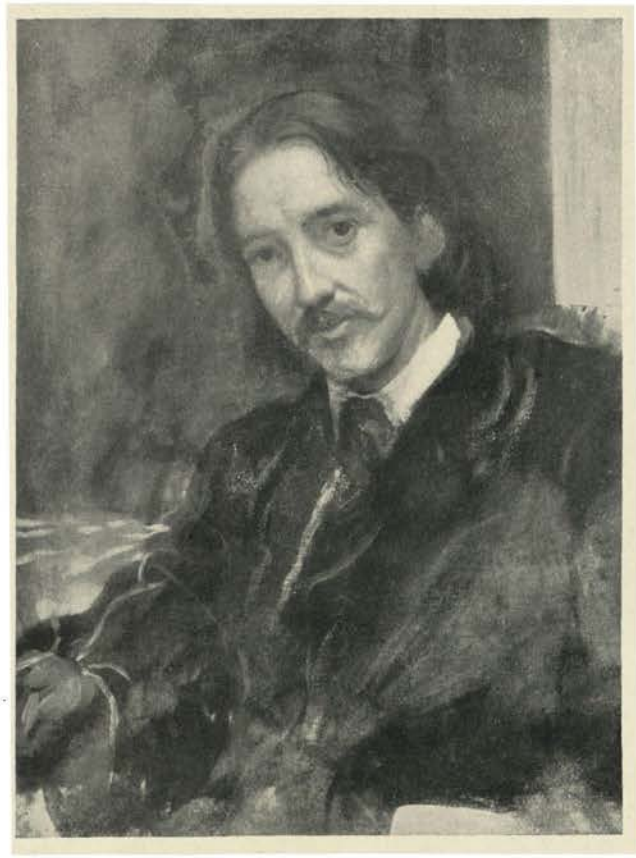


Photo. Hollyer. *Robert Louis Stevenson.*
A sketch done in one sitting by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.
Presented by the artist to the National Portrait Gallery.

Once always, sometimes twice a year, the family migrated to Sevenoaks or Otford, in Kent, and great was the excitement among the children when the coach and four that was to take them to the country drew up at the door. Much of the old-world London, now so fast disappearing, was then existent, most of the Borough hostels were standing, and a favourite place for the party to stop at on their journey was the "Tabard," whence Chaucer's pilgrims started on their ride to Canterbury. These country visits were among the happiest times of a happy childhood, when, to quote Sir William's own words, "Shoreham, Otford and Sevenoaks seemed to me like the plains of Paradise." All these places, too, were full of the associations of his father's friends. Henry Hallam, the great historian, once stayed at Sevenoaks, and took a fancy to Sir William, who was then quite a child. His Latin declensions were in process of being hammered into him by Miss Duckworth, a kind and learned lady and a very old friend of the family. Hallam made the boy repeat the declensions, and then talked kindly to him for some time, adding at the end, "Every night when you go to bed, pause and ask yourself, 'Have I added to my knowledge to-day?'" This piece of advice made a deep impression on the small hearer, and not only did he never forget it, but he resolved forthwith to act upon it.

Extremely delicate as a child, Sir William was educated by tutors at home; indeed, his surroundings were in many directions an education in themselves. If the boy felt a pang when his more robust brothers departed for what is generally the goal of every boy's ambition, he probably was the gainer in the end, the individual attention and the greater freedom of home life allowing wider scope for the development of his peculiar faculties. Intensely idle concerning things that he did not like, he was very industrious over studies that appealed to him, and capable of hard and severe application, a quality which in later life he has carried almost to excess. He early displayed talent and fondness for music, and to this day it goes hand in hand with art, the two chief delights of his life. The musical training bestowed on him was of the most thorough description. His first lesson was given to him by old Edmund Knyvett, who was one of Haydn's pupils. He used to go to York Street dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons and shorts, and play Mozart's and Haydn's fugues and sonatas upon one of those charming tinkling little Broadwood pianos made about 150 years ago.

Another musical friend, and one who has indirectly exercised a great influence over Sir William's life was Mr., now Sir, Herbert Oakeley; who to an equal love for music added more scientific knowledge. They became intimate when Sir William was about fifteen, and he often used to go and stay with Mr. Oakeley at Hampton Court, when they would spend most of their time in the Chapel, playing concertos, organ fugues, and whole symphonies on Father Smith's beautiful organ during the day and on the piano of evenings. Wagner's star had not yet risen, and Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn and Beethoven were their favourite composers, who often held them so enthralled that at 7 o'clock they would suddenly realise that it was morning, and they had not been to bed at all. People in those days were mostly Philistines as regards taste in music, and really good concerts were uncommon. Hallé had not begun his work in England, and there were few concert halls. What pleased the public taste were the pretty tinkling melodies of Mozart, in preference to his finer work; and in the same way anything of Beetho-

The Death of Ulysses (p. 17).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

ven's that recalled Mozart was much admired, while the great 9th Symphony and works of that character were practically ignored. Sebastian Bach, probably the greatest musician that ever lived, was little known, except by a small circle of real music-lovers, who used to meet at the Hanover Square Rooms, where the best concerts in London were held. Sir William was present here when a symphony of Schumann's was performed for the first time in England. Looking over the score with him on this occasion were Jenny Lind and Meyerbeer; when the latter entered the box in the middle of the symphony Sterndale Bennett, who was conducting, stopped the orchestra and gave an indication of the opening notes of the march from the "Prophète," which was played in honour of the great composer.

Another well-known man, Mr. Cox, the Bodleian librarian, came across Sir William on a journey to Oxford, when the latter was fourteen years of age, and initiated him into his first love for old books, an affection that he has never lost. During the whole period of his visit to Oxford Mr. Cox was consistently kind to him, and showed him many things both in the Bodleian and elsewhere. Pointed out to the boy in the Hall of Exeter College were two young men, who had just come up as undergraduates, Mr. William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who were afterwards to become two of Sir William's closest and dearest friends. Many years afterwards, writing of Mr. Morris, he says, "He was the manliest fellow that ever tried to pull an effete society together. He had the roughness and strength of a Norseman together with the tenderness, nay, even shyness, of a woman; a great big generous character, though a bit narrow if you like, from his thoughts running in a groove. Really intensely aristocratic, his socialism was the natural development of a nature that was ever driving in the direction of amelioration; it began in taste and ended in altruism."

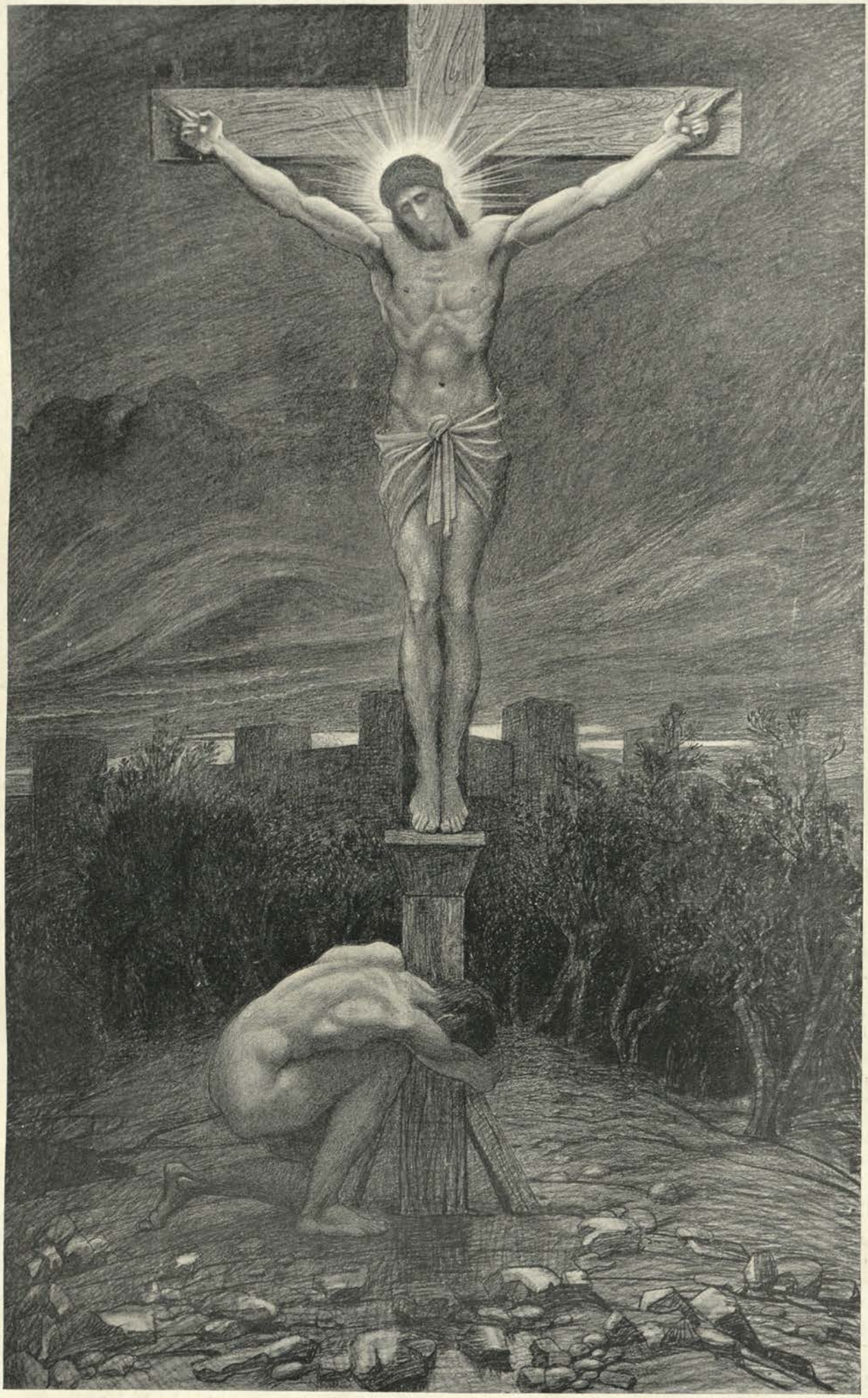
This sketch of Sir William's early life and surroundings, though very inadequate, gives some idea of the artistic atmosphere in which he grew up. He certainly had exceptional advantages, but even exceptional advantages are not without their drawbacks, and the attractions of good society enjoyed too early, and attained without struggle, may be an enervating as well as an exciting cause. This may account for the fact, by no means uncommon, that the sons of remarkable men are frequently not in any way remarkable, and strangely enough this crossed Sir William's mind when he was thirteen, and led to an incident which was in a sense highly romantic, and though by no means a praiseworthy act, was yet inspired by the best motives. He and his friend More Palmer,

a boy of exceptional talent, determined that they would no longer be a burden on their parents, but would embark on the world on their own responsibility.

They were by no means unaware of their own abilities, and had rightly or wrongly decided that they would be able to maintain themselves by their own exertions. It was settled that Palmer would give music lessons, he being a wonderful musician for his years, and that Richmond would take portraits; they were besides prepared to initiate the young into the mysteries of the Latin Grammar. Both of the boys at this early period of life were strong Pantheists, the first chapter of Genesis was regarded by them as a delightful fairy story, and with rather precocious critical faculties, made alert by the amount of intelligent conversation they had listened to, comparative mythology was a great topic of talk between them. The preparations for departure were limited; a little portfolio and some paper and pencils was all the equipment they thought necessary, and by way of funds the pair mustered 6s. 6d. between them. They started from Kensington on a cold February afternoon, walking through Richmond, Kingston and Hampton Court. The avenue in Bushey Park lying solemn in shadow beneath the starlight thrilled the impressionable adventurers, but they resisted temptation to linger and pushed on to Teddington, where they put up for the night at an inn, almost exhausting the precious 6s. 6d. Quite regardless of this, however, the next day, Sunday, they proceeded on their way, and when the pangs of hunger made themselves felt, marched confidently into the first inn they came to and intimated to the host that they were travellers whose funds had run low, and that if he would like a portrait of his wife or daughter they were prepared to execute one in return for a dinner. The good-hearted fellow acceded at once, was delighted with the drawing, and he gave the hungry wayfarers a cut from an excellent joint and a glass of beer. If the landlord or his descendants still retain the portrait and remember the incident, it must be with some pleasure at having relieved from the pangs of starvation the future R.A. This was a good start, and indeed it is not unlikely that the boys were not mistaken in their estimate of their capabilities, and that had their pockets contained a few pounds they would have made their way.

Moses. Picture in progress (p. 32).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

It would have been an interesting experiment, and one is tempted to wish that their parents had allowed them to carry out their idea; but the parents took a different view, and becoming alarmed at the disappearance of their sons, and judging that they would have escaped by way of Richmond, sent mounted policemen in pursuit. That triumphant dinner was interrupted by the arrival of a constable, who informed the runaways that they had better go home at once unless they wished to be taken there by force Down crashed the dream of golden possibilities, sordid commonplace reasserted itself, and now, only too fully aware of hunger and sore feet, which they had before ignored in their excitement, the two adventurers sadly turned their faces homewards. All that day and far into the night they walked back to London, serious doubts meanwhile arising as to what would be their reception when they got there. In fact, so apprehensive was Sir William that he sought the house of a friendly tailor, and from this shelter sent a note to his father announcing his return. Unsuccessful as this attempt at independence was, it was yet an effort in a good direction and brought its own results. There is probably no step which an imaginative child takes in life which does not advance the development of some characteristic, and a sense of new force and power grew in the boy after this struggle to stand alone, which, after all, while inconsiderate, had at its basis a kind of impulsive chivalry and unselfishness. It seemed to him almost as if the wild oats of life had been sown and reaped in those forty-eight hours of wandering. It certainly was a sort of embryo of a man who has since loved travel and adventure, has courted hardships for the sake of them, and has always felt the need for much solitude, often suddenly leaving the fulness of London life to plunge into travel, returning thither again when the mood was past.



Barabbas at the Cross (p. 30).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.
Suggested by a Poem by Victor Hugo.

II.—THE ARTIST'S GREAT AMBITION.

In 1857 Sir William entered the Royal Academy schools, being set free from the dominion of tutors at home. Here his chief companions were three lads who afterwards became three of the most gifted painters that England has ever produced, Albert Moore, Frederick Walker, and Simeon Solomon—the last survives. He worked hard at drawing from the antique and life, going through the curriculum of a then most indifferent education, besides always drawing or painting on his own account and on his own methods. At the same time he kept up his classical studies and his music; indeed, that restless untiring energy and thirst for work that has characterised his whole life was already strongly developed in many directions of art and literature.

Candles were an expensive commodity in those days, and the York Street children were only allowed dips in shades to take up to bed; these gave a poor light and burnt out quickly. Much of Sir William's pocket-money went in the purchase of candles, that he might not be hindered from working into the night, and he often sat up till one or two in the morning and rose again at six. At this time Mr. Ruskin took great interest in his work and helped him plentifully with praise or criticism. Mr. Ruskin's house at Denmark Hill, where he went to stay, was an artistic paradise to the boy, and he was delighted with the loan of a water-colour drawing of Abbotsford by Turner, and a study of mussel shells by William Hunt; these he carried home and copied entirely to Mr. Ruskin's satisfaction. But though he absorbed and treasured up most of the sayings of the master, he retained his own convictions, when firmly established, in spite of the fascinating eloquence of Ruskin. Sir William had been taught to regard Michael Angelo to be the greatest artist of the Renaissance. He was about this time engaged in copying in pen and ink engravings by Mantuarnus, from Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. Mr. Ruskin did not comprehend or appreciate the art of Michael Angelo; but in spite of his depreciation of the great Florentine, Sir William clung to his opinion, established not only by precedent but conviction, which was only more firmly rooted when he saw for himself Michael Angelo's work in Rome and Florence.

In 1859 Sir William painted his first picture, 'Enid and Geraint.' In it he followed the style and method of the Pre-Raphaelite brothers, which, under the influence of Mr. Ruskin, he had learnt to adopt, though he abandoned it in later years. He sold this picture for £20, spending that in his first journey to Italy, travelling with a tutor. This journey marked an epoch in his life. Brought up to believe above all others in the Italian school of painting, Italy was the land of his dreams, and there was no better awakening for him than when he found himself in Venice, Florence, Milan, and Genoa; indeed, it was a complete fulfilment of his anticipations. This journey laid the foundation of his enduring love for Italian art, for the country for its own sake and for its people. That first impression of delight in and admiration for beauties both of art and nature in Italy has only become deeper and more enduring with every returning visit. Venice was to him the realisation of an early dream, and to the art of Tintoretto, by the vigour of its colouring and the vivid imagination of the master combined with an element of mystery in his design, Sir William's sympathy accorded a foremost place among other Italian masters. Michael Angelo, Tintoretto and Giotto ever remain his favourite masters.

Photo. Hollyer.

The Lady Hood (p. 31).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

The Scuola di San Rocco in Venice contains a series of pictures for imagination possibly without rival. The spontaneity of invention, masculine execution and sustained fire of inspiration took the young painter's enthusiasm by storm; hours were spent there and many sketches made during this and subsequent visits to Venice. Whenever Sir William returns to Venice his first visit is invariably to the Scuola di San Rocco, as in Rome it is always to the Sistine Chapel. Carpaccio also has a great charm for him; he made drawings of several of his pictures. This was before Mr. Ruskin had "discovered" Carpaccio. Day after day was spent wandering about the galleries sketch-book in hand, and when after six weeks of hard work and enjoyment he returned to England he took with him three

volumes of sketches from the works of Titian, Paolo Veronese, Holbein, Luini, Tintoretto, Giotto, and many others, besides drawings of architecture and sculpture.

Early in the following year Sir William took a prominent part in the formation of an Artist's Volunteer Corps in connection with the Royal Academy schools. This new occupation proved fruitful in many ways, for it brought him into touch for the first time with men who were to become life-long friends. A meeting was held at 8, George Street, Hanover Square, the house of Mr. Henry Phillips, to decide the important question of uniform for the Artist's Corps. Here Fate shuffled together three brilliant cards from her pack, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, and Sir William Richmond. It was at this meeting that Leighton and Millais came into touch and Richmond's friendship with Leighton began. Leighton eventually commanded the corps, while Sir William became Honorary Secretary almost immediately, and was present in that capacity at the first meeting in St. James's Hall, which was also attended by J. R. J. Hullah, then the leading musician of the day, Holman Hunt, William Morris, Millais, Leighton, Swinburne, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and many other men distinguished in art, letters, and music. Mr. Ruskin became an honorary member of the corps. In the same year, at a Volunteer Review on Wimbledon Common, when Lord Bury, afterwards Lord Albemarle, was in command, Sir William was introduced to the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Sartoris, who was watching the movements of the troops with that intelligent sympathy so characteristic of that distinguished and accomplished lady. Sir William and Mr. Watts met for the first time at this review. The result may be described in the same words as before; a close and strong friendship grew up between them. While there is nothing so infinitely varied as the manner in which sympathies are engendered and the way is paved to intimacy, there is at the same time nothing that so little lends itself to description, and the chronicler is reduced to a monotonous and frequently bald statement of facts.

Sir William's next picture was a small one of 'Ruth in the Field of Boaz'; this picture has disappeared as before, the money it brought in was laid aside to defray the expenses of another journey to Italy. This time he went to Padua to see Giotto frescoes in the Arena Chapel, to Mantua, to Verona and Siena, where he studied Mantegna, Pinturicchio, Perugino, Donatello, and Giulio Romano, an artist who is undeservedly neglected now, and again to Venice, whither the fascination of the art of Tintoretto again drew him with its magnet force. Stirred to enthusiasm by what he saw, and the subsequent value to his art of the beauty that he absorbed while still young, ardent and impressionable, the value of this visit can hardly be estimated. Many more sketches were added to an already large store. Returning home by Paris, he spent a considerable time there, going daily to the Louvre, drawing and studying the various schools of painting and sculpture in that incomparable museum, till he knew almost every work in those galleries separately and intimately. Then home again, encouraged to make fresh exertions by the noble works he had been studying. His next picture was one of 'Jonathan and David'—it has disappeared. This was followed by a portrait of two of his brothers, the first of his pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy; it appeared there in 1861, and elicited warm approval from Mr. Ruskin.

"The Sisters"—daughters of the late Henry George Liddell, Dean of Christ Church (p. 10).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

The year after he attracted some attention by several portraits of children, which were exhibited at the Royal Academy, the best of them being a portrait of one of his brothers dressed in black velvet. This picture led to

A Wood near Volterra, Italy.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

several commissions for portraits, of children, in particular; these were generally small, very highly finished, and painted with extraordinary care. Small sums were in vogue in those days, £40 or £50 was regarded as ample reward by the young artist, yet by the time he was twenty-one he had managed to save £1,500; great application and industry found substantial reward.

Although portrait-painting was the business of his life, he never abandoned his dreams and ambitions in other directions—many of his later pictures were conceived in those early days—and he proceeded steadily with the study of anatomy in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and with drawing from the nude and from drapery in every spare moment at his disposal. At anatomy he became so proficient that, carrying the small bones of the wrist in his pocket, he became so accustomed to feel them that he could name them without withdrawing them, judging entirely by the touch. This study of detail was probably an excess. A painter is not a surgeon; and while a certain knowledge of anatomy is of course necessary to his art, it should be studied in general rather than in particular. What an artist has to see and delineate in the human form are broad planes, large spaces and curves; in achieving this he is hindered rather than helped if his mind is constantly dwelling on the smaller structural planes rather than on the larger. In delineating the wrist, knowing the name and size of each little bone that composed it, would be fettering to the mind that is trying to seize the outline and depict boldly the massing of lights and shadows; still, all knowledge is valuable, though Sir William does not now recommend to young students such excessive knowledge of anatomy.

Temple of Peace, Girgenti, Sicily.
A Sketch by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

In 1864 were painted the portraits of Sir Henry Acland's two sons, and the daughters of Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church (p. 9), and many others. Mr. Ruskin was much pleased with the latter picture; indeed, with all the work of this year. He sent Sir William a warm letter of approbation, which contained at the same time a curious critical anachronism, containing an instance of the perversity of judgment now and then displayed by the great writer. The picture represents the three girls sitting in the foreground of a modern landscape, the centre young lady wearing upon her feet a dainty pair of buckled shoes, which Sir William drew and painted with elaborate care. After praising the picture Mr. Ruskin added, "My dear Willy, you have made one great mistake. The rest of your picture being so supremely beautiful, why the devil didn't you paint the damsel's feet instead of her shoes? Perugino would never have such a mistake." The exaggeration of such a criticism is obvious. In a picture of three prettily-dressed modern girls, the introduction of bare feet would have been entirely out of keeping with the other surroundings, and it is needless to say the alteration was not effected. It may have been that Mr. Ruskin had been afraid he had over-praised the young man's work, and cast about for something to blame as a counterbalance; and it speaks highly for the merits of the picture that he could find nothing more serious to criticise.

By permission of Mrs. George Manners.

Procession in Honour of Bacchus (p. 11).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Dr. Liddell and Sir Henry Acland were added to the fast-increasing circle of Sir William's friends; and during this and succeeding years, he was a great deal at Oxford in their society and in that of the Professor of Astronomy, Dr. Donkin, whose portrait he painted for Sir H. Acland, and with whom he was able to indulge his passion for music in long evenings devoted to it. Dr. Donkin was a fine musician, his house was a centre in Oxford where those who loved the art of music could enjoy it. These visits were his principal recreation during two years of strenuous effort, and were in a way an initiation into real manhood. A stay in the north of England resulted in three large portraits of children, which he ranks among his best work, and in all during that summer he painted seven elaborate portraits. Through this press of work and struggle to keep pace it was real rest and refreshment to him to return to the old grey city lying peaceful and still in its green meadows, to the congenial society, and to enjoy the intellectual conversation and the warm sympathy of friends who were deeply interested in his career. The whole aspect of the life was pleasant to him, loving, as he has always done, books and reading, and the personal interchange of ideas with thoughtful minds. To produce a real artist, which is something different from a mere painter, the literary side of a man must be cultivated as well as the artistic. Thought, imagination and technical skill must be considered together, and the more the critical faculties of the artist and his appreciation of what is fine and noble in literature is cultivated, the wider his range of subjects fit for the pencil will become, to the infinite profit of his work and his mind. No doubt intercourse with Dean Liddell and others of his type encouraged and drew out the intellectual side of Sir William's character, forging between him and literature a link so strong that no stress of after-work has ever parted the chain.

A drawing for a portion of the window in St. Paul's.
By Sir W. B. Richmond.

Circumstances beyond his own control rendered the greater part of 1865 a dead year as far as work was concerned, but at the end of it he took up his painting again, and once more went to Italy, this time to Rome. Here he took a studio in a building in the Via Felice belonging to Pietro Nisi, and determined to concentrate himself upon a big work.

The studio was that in which Leighton had some years earlier painted his famous 'Cimabue and Giotto,' and there was doubtless more than coincidence in the selection, for the 'Cimabue' had made a great impression on Sir William when it appeared in 1855, and he had now become an ardent admirer of Leighton's art. The nobility of Leighton's work and his sense of style delighted his friend, and his elegant appreciation of beauty was stimulating to the kindred spirit. Nor was Sir William singular in this respect, for Leighton had already exercised great influence upon a generation, and was going far to justify Thackeray's remark to Millais years before, when he had met the gifted young painter for the first time in Rome. "Millais," said the great novelist, "I have met a young man in Rome, the most brilliant in my recollection, who will be P.R.A. before you." Here then, under the shadow of Leighton, the large picture of the 'Procession in Honour of Bacchus' (above) begun. Mr. Gladstone, who spent the winter of 1866-67 in Rome, took a great interest in its progress, and would come and sit in the studio and watch with keen enjoyment the work grow under the artist's hand. His wonderful personality and power of giving out to a sympathetic listener attracted Sir William as it did every one else, and from that time onward until Mr. Gladstone's death they maintained a constant intercourse. At this time Mr. Gladstone was deep in Homeric studies, and during many mornings spent in the studio and during walking, would talk much of what he had been reading, and consult the younger man as

freely as if they had been equals. Herein lay one of the great secrets of Mr. Gladstone's power and charm, that he never talked down to younger or less learned persons than himself, but courteously assumed that they were on the same intellectual level, either men or women. There is no surer way of attracting or influencing people than this, especially young people, and perhaps young men in particular. Life in Rome was very pleasant in those days, the city was a kind of head-quarters of art and intellect, where the cream, skimmed from all corners of the world, was wont to gather. Society was small and very intimate, the delightful if changeful climate, the beauty and grandeur of the ancient as well as mediæval city, which sheds an air of romance over trivial, every-day things, formed an appropriate environment for such brilliantly intellectual circles. English people lose some of their stiffness and reserve when they are away from their native land on a holiday.

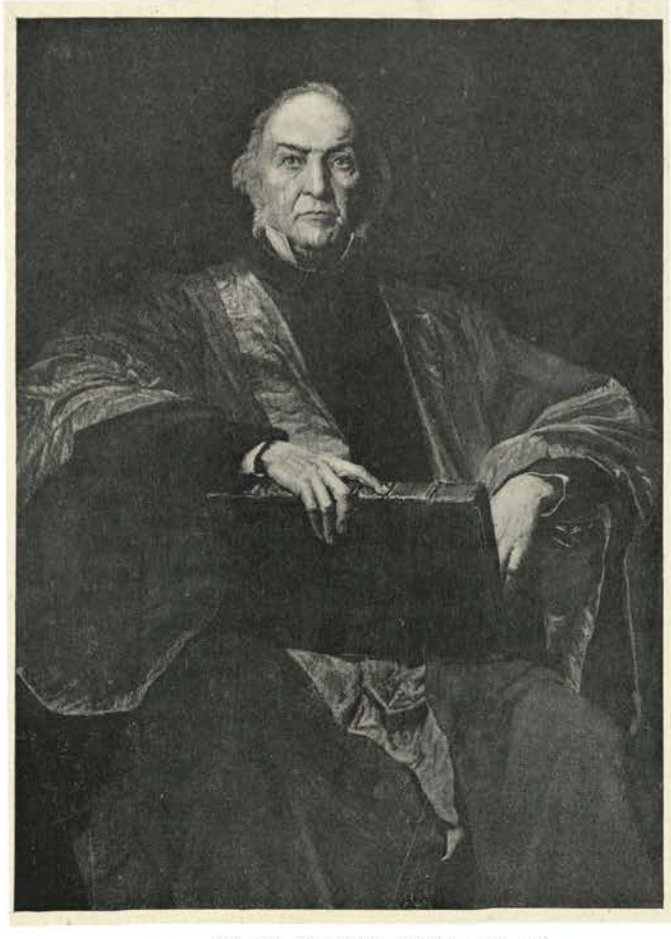
The Roman Campagna.
A Sketch by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Sir William, characteristically, found his way where music was to be enjoyed, and during this winter he made the acquaintance of Liszt from meeting him at a series of charming little chamber concerts in the Sala Dantesca, organised by the music-lovers of Roman society, of whom there were very few more now; and when on one memorable occasion, at a party at the house of the Director of the French Academy in Rome, he met Gounod and heard him play and sing through the whole of Faust. But as has generally been the case throughout his hard-working life, Sir William was too busy to have much time to devote to society. The great ambition of his life, to execute mural painting and decoration, had never been lost sight of, and he now set to work in earnest to qualify himself for it by acquiring all the knowledge of various branches of Art he could, so that should the occasion arise he would be prepared to take advantage of it. Signor Podesti, the well-known artist then painting in the Vatican, initiated him into the art of fresco-painting, and in addition to this he studied good examples of mural decoration both in fresco and

The Temple of Nike Apteros, seen from the Propylæa.
A Sketch by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

mosaic in the churches of Rome and the Vatican, the Museums of Naples and Rome, watching every opportunity to study any newly-found wall painting at a time when Signor Rosa was excavating in the Forum, and upon the bank of the Tiber.

Michael Angelo's paintings on the roof of the Sistine Chapel were the object of his deep admiration and constant study. He would spend days at a time there, observing and copying with the greatest care, frequently drawing from memory in the evening what he had observed during the day, till, to quote his own remark:—"I knew the roof of that Chapel as I know the palm of my hand." Realising that a knowledge of architecture is indispensable for good decorative work, he extended his studies in that direction, not only making a great many architectural drawings, but going into technical details of construction also. In England the drift of events seemed pointing to the realisation of his desire. The glamour aroused by the decoration of the Houses of Parliament had subsided, yet not so entirely as to banish all hopes of its being revived in a more serious, as well as in a more understanding spirit. Mr. Watt's magnificent fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall was a step forward and aroused Sir William's longings for a like venture, and set him to strain every nerve in preparation so that when the time came he should be ripe and ready. But the time was not to come yet, and alongside of his preparatory work he was making many studies of scenery and effects of light and shade for the 'Procession of Bacchus,' and sketching largely in the Campagna of Rome and in other parts of Italy. He was during these years much under the influence of Signor Costa, the celebrated landscape painter and a close friend of Leighton's, and also of one who was afterwards to be a close friend of Sir William's, though he did not then know him—George Mason. He was much struck by the "style" in Signor Costa's design, and the feeling displayed in it for form and colour touched him in points on which he was most susceptible, and brought to him a view of the interpretation of Landscape allied to figure design.



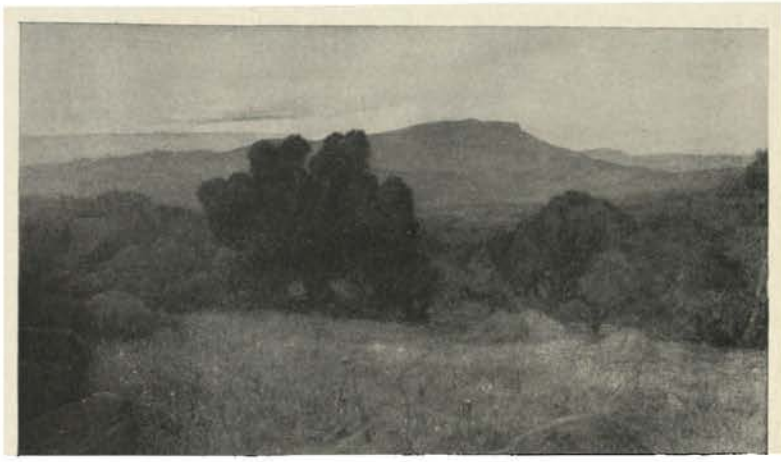
The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone (p. 32).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.
By permission of Messrs. Manzi, Joyant & Co.

Costa treats Landscape as a sculptor treats form, his appreciation for line, relative masses, accent and tone is curiously sensitive, and when one remembers that in Rome forty years ago the art of landscape painting was at the lowest possible level of commercial aim, it cannot be wondered that serious artists viewed the work of Costa with hope of its regeneration. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of this great painter's work upon the more thoughtful and refined of his artist contemporaries.

There is a philosophy about Signor Costa's way of approaching art that gives great dignity and insight to all that he does; he works not only with a pure instinct, but also from clear reasoning he knows *why* he paints in a certain manner. His work is spontaneous, but also every step is clearly reasoned out before taking it. Sir William attributes much of the charm of his own landscapes to the lessons that he learnt from Signor Costa, and still more to the spirit that pervaded these lessons.

The Roman Campagna had a great fascination for Sir William, and he spent much time there, staying with various Mercanti di Campagna, and enjoying to the full the quaint pastoral life that still goes on there exactly as it did in the days of Horace. The shepherds especially delighted him, and he struck up a great friendship with one of them, named Beppino, and used often to go and sit in his cabin, or wander over the Campagna with him in the glorious summer starlight. At first sight they might have been considered a strangely ill-assorted pair of friends, but Beppino, in spite of his calling and his rough Roman dialect, was a man of culture. He had been taught by the priest of his village, and read the Eclogues in the original: his lonely life in the beautiful Campagna had stirred his imagination and filled him with poetic fancies, so that he was able to meet the artist on his own ground during their wanderings through the hot, still nights. When Sir William revisited Rome several years later, he sought out his friend again, but death had intervened, and Beppino was already laid under the turf he loved so well.

After more than two years of almost unremitting labour the picture of the 'Procession in Honour of Bacchus' was finished and brought to England. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1869, where it was very well hung, and received a good deal of applause, ultimately becoming the property of Mr. Gil-



Girgenti, Sicily.
A Sketch by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

strap, of Fornham Park, Bury St. Edmunds, who was succeeded by his niece, Mrs. George Manners, to whom we are indebted for the courtesy of allowing a reproduction of the picture as well as of the 'Song of Miriam.' This was the first year of the migration of the Royal Academy from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House, and was rather a memorable one in many respects. Besides the 'Procession of Bacchus,' which, whatever its merits, was a very sincere effort, there was Alma Tadema's 'Pyrrhic Dance,' Frederick Walker's 'Bathers,' Albert Moore's 'Quartett,' Leighton's 'Helios and Rhodos,' and beautiful work by George Leslie. In fact it struck the young painter, coming back from his long absence abroad, with a fresh eye and an unbiassed judgment, that the English school had extraordinary vitality, and was full of promise of great things to come. That the promise has not been entirely fulfilled, and that the fruit of this fair blossom is still to be desired, is unfortunately undeniable, but this is not the place in which to treat of it—fashions change not always for the better.

During the summer of 1869 serious illness obliged Sir William to throw up his work, and he was ordered to Algiers, where he spent six months, mainly in the open air. This was his glimpse of the Orient, and the vivid colouring and splendid sunshine were very attractive to him. The climate restored his health wonderfully, and riding a great deal and working little, the quondam invalid passed several months, and finally he recovered his health. Whatever his chroniclers have to write of Sir William, they never are able to place it upon record that he was idle, and this stay, though nominally a holiday, was fruitful in studies, principally of sunlight effects upon figures, which have since proved of infinite value to him. He came back to England early in 1870 with his health completely restored, and passed through Paris at the moment when war was declared between France and Germany.

The Rise of Phæton; being one of a series of pictures from the Myth of Phælon.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

III.—HOME, STUDIOS, AND FURTHER PROGRESS.

On his return to England Sir William took a house in Hammersmith, which has been his home ever since, and will be to the end of his life. When he bought it Hammersmith was a small suburb, and the house stood in the middle of green fields, some of which he also purchased and turned into a garden. Now that the advancing tide of bricks and mortar has swept trees and fields away to replace them by narrow streets made hideous with electric trams, Beavor Lodge stands alone within its high-walled garden, a relic of old days, an oasis of peace amid the surging sea of traffic. In the garden the birds sing as if they were a hundred miles from London, and they have every reason to believe that they are so. For it is a country garden, not a suburban imitation: it has not even been invaded by that craze of nursery gardeners, bedding-out. Instead there are long grass walks with borders on each side, in which great scarlet poppies make vivid spots of colour, and blue irises and white rear their stately heads, and lilies and delphiniums and many other old-fashioned plants grow and flower at their will; a carefully tended rose-garden, and hedges of sweet peas and sweet brier load the air with fragrance. Round the lawn in front of the house laburnums and may-trees and lilac tangle themselves into a little shrubbery, and all along the walls trees are planted; so that in summer the garden is shut into a green grove, and the last glimpse of house and chimneys shut out. Under this one-sided avenue a gravel walk runs the length of the garden, which is known as the "Monk's Walk," and this is the favourite haunt of the master of the house, who may often be found pacing up and down there. A racquet court has been made against the side of the house, and at the back thereof a Virginia creeper grows and twines, till it is finally captured and led away over a pergola, where it forms a perfect shelter for a sunny day. The house itself is old, and has been much added to by its present occupier, but very little of it can be seen from the outside owing to the way it is shrouded in creepers. Two great Italian oil jars filled with white daisies keep guard on either side of the front door, and are a good introduction into a house that is full of quaint, curious, or beautiful things that Sir William has collected on his many travels. The studio is a large lofty room, and the walls are lined with pictures of every kind; some large, but the majority little sketches in oils of places in all parts of the world; Eastern houses with pillared courts and carved lattices, sunny Italian landscapes, and the Egyptian desert under every conceivable aspect from sunset to sunset.

Sir William, like Rembrandt, is fond of painting in a subdued light, and for this reason his models are frequently required to sit in a species of raised tent minus one side, which is a device of his own for the disposal of light according to his fancy. Half-finished pictures on easels, casts, rough sketches of compositions, draperies of gorgeous colour lie about, and all the usual impedimenta of an artist's studio, where all ages seem to meet. A modern Albanian dress lies side by side on an old carved English chest with a piece of ancient Spanish embroidery, faintly tarnished with age and of priceless worth; fragments of Greek sculpture jostle pieces of mediæval armour in the recess devoted to them, and in a corner of the room the great Arcadian shepherd looks down, slightly scornful, upon the modern grand piano placed almost at his feet. A gallery runs across one end of the studio and below it a heavy curtain shuts off a little room beyond, which is almost entirely lined with books. Indeed, it contains very little else, except a picture or two and a cast of a beautiful Greek head; and the orderly disorder of a busy man reigns there. For Sir William is a man of many occupations: he is a student, and so most of the furniture not in use is strewn with books, open or shut; he is a Borough Councillor and President of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society among many others, so his writing-table is piled with pamphlets, reports and letters, till it looks as if his whole time must be occupied there; he is a J.P., so it is not unusual for a sitting to be interrupted by a sergeant arriving with recruits to be sworn in; he is a lecturer,

The Studio of Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

hence there is usually a partly-written speech on the already crowded writing-table. But still above all other things he is an artist. In the dining-room hangs a large brass plate of Moorish work of the best period and supposed to have only one equal in the world, surrounded by sketches of Moorish architecture in Spain; in the same room is a fine cast of the Bruges Madonna, an early work by Michael Angelo, of great charm and pathetic beauty. The juxtaposition of the two may sound incongruous, but the effect is not so; it only conveys to the mind the impression, borne out by all there is to be seen at Beavor Lodge, that the key-note of life there is love of beauty for its own sake, of whatever kind or of whatever epoch.

Here Sir William took up his residence in 1870. The first winter was occupied with the 'Bowlers' and various portraits, two especially of Lady F. Cavendish and of her husband Lord F. Cavendish, then 'Ariadne deserted by Theseus on the Island of Naxos' (p. 17), which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1872. It was suggested to him by the poem of Catullus, the "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," and he has united a strange strength and pathos in the dull bronze-green robed figure alone by the angry tossing sea. There is something in the poise of the arm passionately flung heavenward that conveys bitter, impotent despair; yet despite the desolation of the whole figure, repeated in the rocky, sandy coast, there runs throughout the design a vein of strength. Sir William modelled the figure of Ariadne first in clay, and drew the drapery from folds of muslin carefully arranged and set in plaster over the figure. This he describes as being most stimulating to the imagination, and attributes the grace of the wind-blown drapery to a lucky accident, *in the casting* "it happened to come so." *A propos* of this picture, Sir William writes: "I should always advise a young painter at the outset of his career to aspire towards the highest class of subject; it will probably master him, but let him determine that he will spare no pains to bring to bear upon it all the scientific knowledge that he can. The more difficult the task the more he will learn from struggling with it. Lessons are best learnt in the *performance* of a picture rather than in the *theory* of one. Knowledge acquired with an aim at heart, the aim to make use of it in something you are doing, is the knowledge that will stick to you, the motive being to create something for yourself and to take nature and science for your guides."

Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.
In his hand a mask of William Blake, made in life-time by Frederick Tatham, Sir William's uncle.

In 1874 'Ariadne' was followed by the colossal picture of 'Prometheus Bound,' which is sixteen feet high, and is now in the Birmingham Museum; and then by the 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon,' exhibited in the first year's Grosvenor Gallery; but he was obliged to set aside imaginative work for a time, it did not sell, and portraiture again was resumed, not entirely, exclusively, but mainly. Among those executed then were one of Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, and many portraits of children, but he had no intention of lapsing into portrait painting only; he always contrived to keep in touch with the sort of painting that most appealed to him. He was also a good deal occupied with sculpture, actuated by a desire to feel his design in the round, which has nearly always led him to model the figures for his pictures before painting them, a method not sufficiently in use now.

At last his desire for mural painting was realised. In 1874 Mr. Stuart Hodgson, the owner of Lythe Hall, Hazlemere, gave him a commission to decorate the drawing-room at Lythe Hall in fresco. This he gladly undertook, and the four cartoons representing the 'Duties of Women' were drawn out at once, and the frescoes finished the following spring. In consequence of the approval which this first effort met with, the civic authorities of Liverpool gave Sir William a commission to paint a large fresco in the council chamber. The result was an elaborate design of the 'Triumph of Commerce over Barbarism,' in connection with which he undertook a special journey to Italy, but the commission fell through. The drawing for it contains some sixty figures, all of which were first modelled in wax; the whole composition being complete, it formed the scene in the concrete, from which the elaborate pencil drawing was executed.

During these years he was very little represented at the Royal Academy, though a charming portrait of his daughter appeared there in 1876; but he gave warm support to the Grosvenor Gallery, which was founded in 1877. The first picture from his brush which appeared there was 'Death and Sleep carrying the Body of

The Song of Miriam (see page 17)

Sarpedon into Lycia' (p. 2). The subject was taken from the well-known passage in the Iliad, and has been treated with intense poetic feeling. Although not a large picture, it gives a feeling of limitless space to the spectator, the blue, misty background of sea and sky seeming to recede for miles beyond the central figures. The same subject occurs in Flaxman's 'Illustrations to Homer,'* and the difference of line between the two is noticeable, Flaxman, who always aimed at conveying a definite meaning in the fewest possible strokes, has made use almost entirely of horizontal lines, thereby probably intending to denote the sense of rapid flight; in Sir William's picture the upward trend of the lines, converging almost to a point in the wings of Sleep, seems to mean a slower, more solemn movement, containing at the same time a suggestion of spiritual ascent. In 1879 the life-size 'Statue of a Runner'† in bronze appeared at the Grosvenor Gallery, and the same year came the commission from Mr. Gilstrap to paint a companion picture to the 'Procession of Bacchus,' which had appeared ten years before. The subject chosen was Miriam leading the triumphant chorus of Israelite women after the defeat of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea. The design is a very fine one, and comprises eighty-four figures, every one of which was first modelled in wax. The whole design in the round was then photographed on glass and its shadow being cast on to the canvas, an outline was drawn round it, perfect accuracy of perspective was insured. Before executing this picture Sir William made an expedition to Mantua to study Mantegna, and the design was actually thought out and sketched in the rough in the train between Turin and Paris (plate facing p. 16). The following year there appeared 'The Wise and Foolish Virgins.' The motive of it was suggested in Assisi, one dawn, by peasants going to work.

In 1880 he found it necessary to take another studio in Kensington, and here were painted several of his best pictures. 'The Release of Prometheus by Hercules' (p. 2), 1882, is full of vitality. Hercules, poised on a rock in strong relief against the sky, with life and energy in every line of his virile body, is shooting a last arrow at the vanquished eagle, whose presence is indicated by a feather floating down. Prometheus, a no less fine figure, but cramped from his bonds, lies in an uneasy attitude on the rock below, as if half fearing to rise lest his deliverance should not be really accomplished.

In 1885 came the 'Audience at Athens,' which is generally supposed to be Sir William's most important work, and which he himself ranks first among his subject pictures (plate facing p. 24). His extensive travels in Greece and study of Grecian architecture and literature served him to good purpose here, and the landscape that is seen through the colonnades is correct in every detail, done with the tender touch that comes from knowing and loving every stone. The picture is very strong in tone and colour, and though it is entirely without action, it is not monotonous. The murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra is being represented on the stage of the Athenian theatre, and the audience are held fixed and variously interested in the tragedy that is being acted before them; yet the diversity of expression shows how differently each spectator is affected, from the grave Archons (in their marble chairs, who sit intent and impassive) to the girl in the left-hand corner who cowers down, hiding her face, unable to bear the horror any longer. The difficulty of painting such a formal picture without making it dull has been overcome by admirable composition, and the contrast of the warm bright colour of the landscape with its abrupt shadows, and the smooth half-tones of the marble. There is something great about Sir William's treatment of this magnificent subject. The picture is now the property of the town of Birmingham.

Photo. Caswall Smith.

Ariadne in Naxos (p. 16).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

In 1886 was painted 'Hermes,' and in the following year 'Icarus.' Then another piece of sculpture, the 'Arcadian Shepherd,' which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1889, as well as a 'Landscape in Arcadia,' now in the possession of Lord Davey. The shepherd is larger than life, an athletic figure crowned with a nest of short curly hair; and it is wonderful that in the full tide of his painting, Sir William should have found time to accomplish such an elaborate and highly finished statue. It was originally intended to be cast in bronze, but the design was never carried out. It can be seen in the view of the studio, frontispiece plate. 'Venus and Anchises' (p. 18) appeared at the New Gallery in 1890, the subject having been suggested by Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, one of Sir William's

* The 'Death of Ulysses' (p. 5) was suggested by the line in the Odyssey: "By the sea thou shalt die." It is conceived as having taken place at Ithaca, and the wanderer expires in the arms of his faithful Penelope.

† This statue was executed in plaster, not in clay, and cast in bronze. The figure was put up on a skeleton of wood and metal wires, and the muscles were laid on in plaster and tow one by one. The surface finish was done in wax.

Venus and Anchises.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

oldest and most valued friends. The story of Venus and her earthly lover has, like all Greek myths, an inward meaning; maybe, is typical of the return of Spring to the earth; so the landscape is essentially a spring one, bathed in sunshine and full of budding flowers; Venus herself, in her robes of saffron, would pass equally well for the Goddess of Spring, as she advances to where Anchises is waiting in the shadow, longing for her coming, just as men long now for the time of the singing of birds. The picture is one of brilliant beauty of colour, and was purchased by the City of Liverpool for the Town Hall soon after its appearance.

IV.—FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSKIN: TRAVEL.

In 1879 Sir William was appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, succeeding to Mr. Ruskin, who resigned on account of ill-health. While he held the Professorship he was accustomed to paint all day and after dinner to devote himself to writing his lectures. As there were twelve lectures a year, and each of them cost him from three to four weeks' writing of evenings, the pressure of work that this entailed would have been too much for many men. Some of the lectures led to a serious difference with Mr. Ruskin, who had, with his customary dislike of Michael Angelo, denounced him and other artists of his period with great vehemence. Sir William, whose prolonged study of them had convinced him that Michael Angelo and Raphael deserved the reputation that had been accorded to them for centuries, defended them in his inaugural and other lectures, thereby drawing on himself a storm of reproach from Mr. Ruskin. This he accepted as merely critical, not personal, and in no way allowed it to interfere with his friendship for one whom he fondly terms "the master"; and on Mr. Ruskin's recovery he resigned the Professorship in his favour. Touched by this Mr. Ruskin sent to ask if he might come and dine with Sir William, who gladly acceded to the request, and a pleasant evening was spent talking over old times, with no word of the disagreement that had come between them of late. Only when Mr. Ruskin rose to go he said as he took his friend's hand, "Willy, why did you make that violent attack upon me about Michael Angelo." "Mr. Ruskin, because you talked nonsense," was the uncompromising reply. Then the nobleness of soul of one who, if he was sometimes betrayed into injudicious and unbalanced criticism, was yet a great man, shone out. "You are quite right," he said, "it *was* nonsense!" And so the friends parted, never to meet again in this world.

Sketch on the Island of Delos.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

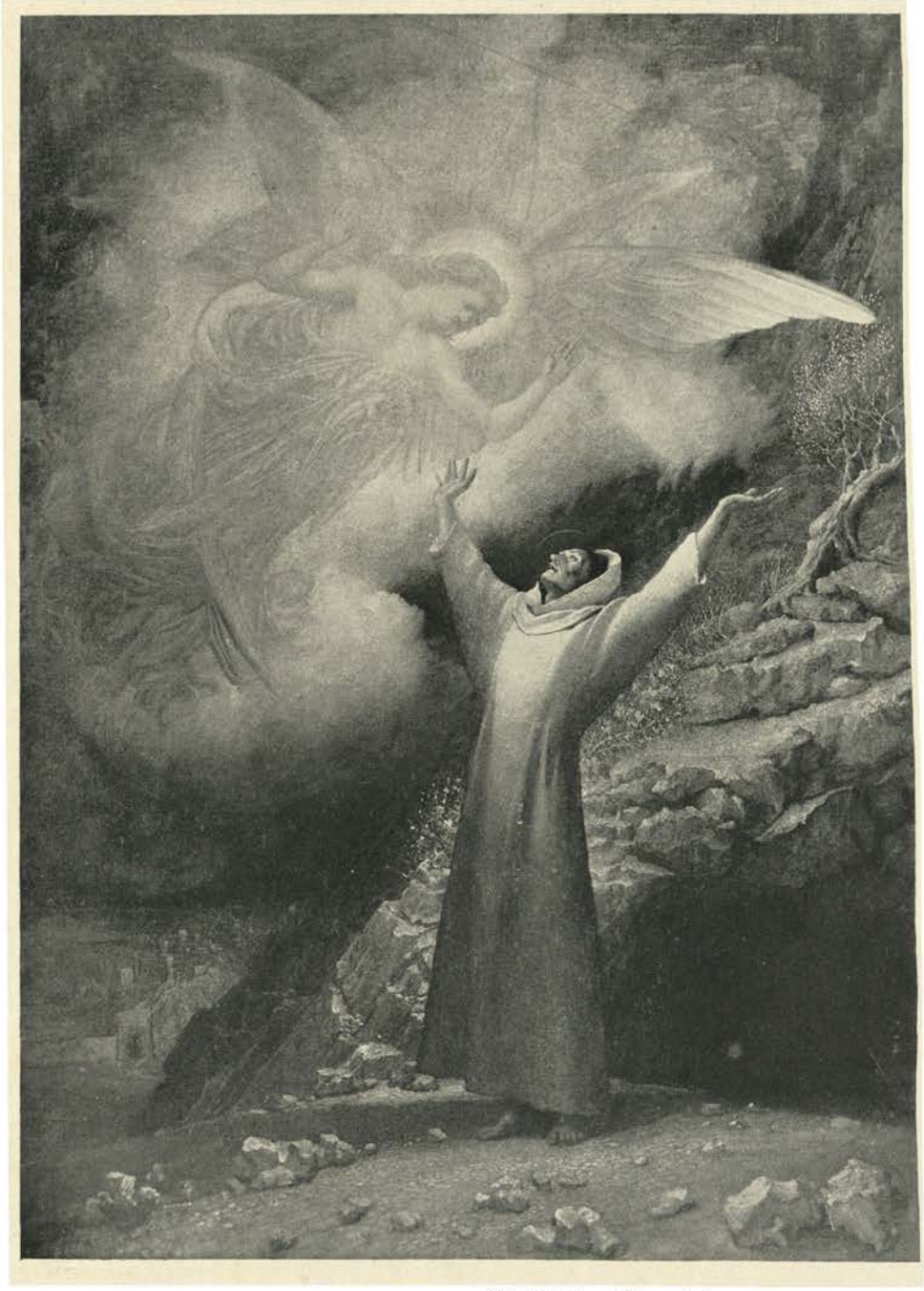
All this time Sir William had been much under the artistic influence of Mr. George Mason, with whom he had become acquainted soon after he came to Hammersmith, and with whom, as he lived close by, he maintained a constant, almost daily, intercourse. Death

arrested the intercourse, but the influence Mr. Mason inspired still remains (see p. 32).

The love of travel has always been very strong in Sir William, and since he took up his residence at Hammersmith he has, at one time or another, made a good many long journeys in Greece, Egypt, and Spain, besides numerous visits to Italy; indeed, he has rarely spent the winter in England, sometimes summers have been spent in out of the way places. In 1882-83 he gave several months to wandering among the islands of the Ægean Sea, making many drawings and coloured sketches and penetrating as far as he could into Greek myths and ancient civilization wherever any traces of these remained. He used to voyage about from island to island in a small boat manned by Greek sailors, and during one of these journeys his career was very nearly brought to an abrupt conclusion. They had landed on the island of Delos for a day's sketching, carrying food with them for one day only, for the island is entirely uninhabited. When they were about to leave, a strong north wind arose; unable to push off, they were kept prisoners on the barren rock. A week went by, the provisions had been exhausted, and still the storm raged. The Greek sailors, sullen and hungry, were beginning to regard the traveller who had brought them into this peril with some resentment; starvation or a violent death seemed to be the alternatives that awaited the adventurous traveller. Fortunately at this critical moment, while wandering in the bays along the rocky shore, they came across some Naxian sponge-divers, who had a limited store of food; maintained by them and by the carcass of a wild pig until the storm abated, they were finally able to leave the island.

The following year Sir William again returned to Greece, this time journeying over the Morea, where he visited Sparta, passing through Elis and Arcadia, now quite a modern town with hardly any trace left of the ancient city commanding the plain from its five hills, and Corinth, Argos, the Acropolis of Mycene, and other remains of antiquity. He travelled slowly, entirely on horseback, stopping at little villages, entering as far as possible into the life of the people, and tracing every point of resemblance in their ways and customs with their ancestors of long ago. They are a picturesque and interesting people, and the simple pastoral life of the peasants delighted Sir William.

In the heart of Arcadia, time and civilisation have passed by and left that corner of the world untouched, and existence goes on much in the same way that it did in the days of the Sicilian poet Theocritus. The day's journey was begun early, and after the ride through rocky passes and forests, or among the olive grounds and maize fields of the plains, the travellers would halt at noon in some village for rest and refreshment. The first sign of habitation was often a little stream, with flocks of sheep and goats coming down from the hills to drink, and the shepherd



St. Francis. Picture in progress.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

playing his pipe to the orchestra of sheep bells. Every sheep carries a bell, and each bell is, or nearly always is, of a different note, so that occasionally the loveliest harmonies are produced, curiously like Wagner's "Tone Music," and as the soft sound of the wooden pipe strikes in among these harmonies with a chant-like melody, the effect is unexpected and produces sounds never heard of before, like to a dream realised in music. Riding on to the accompaniment of the bells and the bleat of the sheep, they would arrive at a village and stay there during the heat of the day, resting in the shade and enjoying the picturesque scene before them. Under a great plane or chestnut tree groups of women seated with their distaffs made a lovely scene, some dressed in blue and yellow, but mostly in white with brilliant-coloured head-dresses, but always charming; little brown children with bright eyes and bare feet, whose only covering was a ragged shirt, and a shepherd or two leaning on their crooks, all gazing at the Franks with the greatest curiosity. Pigs rolling in the stream with grunts of satisfaction, patient donkeys gazing into space with one ear up and the other down, hungry dogs anxious to steal but afraid of the consequences, thin cocks and hens picking about, and little snatches of song, tinkling of bells, ripple of water, piping of olive reeds, rustling of corn as the wind found its way among the stalks, vying with the chatter of the women's talk, made a scene such as the ancient poets saw, giving to them the inspiration for their immortal poetry.

Helen Richmond.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Suddenly there would be a pause, and the women and children fetching water from the stream or washing clothes there would rise and make way as the village priest led his lamb down to the water, and let it drink first, before drinking himself and washing his face. Then he would return through the respectful crowd, and the songs and chatter and occupations would begin again, while the sun flickered through the leaves and glorified everything, even the dirt. Sometimes the discovery that one of the shepherds had his pipe would lead to a dance. These dances are exactly like those represented on ancient Greek vases; the performers join hands and move slowly in a circle to a chant which is sometimes gay, sometimes sad, the measured beauty of the rhythm leaving nothing to be desired; first of love they sing, then of war; the old Greek drama is represented in modern life. The best example of this survival that Sir William met with was at a small village in Arcadia. One or two began to play and dance, gradually joined by others, the sound of the pipe attracted another musician with a hautboy of old olive wood of most beautiful tone, and a third with a drum, probably a Turkish innovation. The music rose and fell, drawing more and more dancers into the circle, until at last the whole population of the village was swaying in time, forming the most weird and picturesque scene. The children gathered round the musicians, who, as the music grew gay or sad, acted their parts admirably; here and there from among the bushes women applauded and encouraged the dancers, while a group of eight of them acted as chorus, all busily twisting their threads the while, under the shadow of a great chesnut tree.

Study for Demeter. Picture in progress.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

This was only one of many such scenes that he witnessed during his wanderings, which lasted many weeks, and gave him an insight into the spirit of ancient Greece such as he could have obtained no other way. Returning to Athens he stayed a little while there, making studies for the 'Audience at Athens' on the Acropolis, and exploring thoroughly all the Greek remains of architecture and sculpture. But all through his journey no place stirred him like the plain of Marathon, which he visited from Athens. The place is picturesque in itself, and overwhelming in its associations for the student of Greek history, who feels, as he stands by the little mound, all now remaining to commemorate the heroes who fought such a valiant fight at Marathon, that here he has reached the heart of Greece, the very epitome of her greatness.

V.—EGYPT: THE PYRAMIDS AND THE SPHINX.

Egypt claimed Sir William next time he went abroad, which was in 1885, arriving at Alexandria early in September, and thence proceeding to Cairo. This further penetration into the East and Eastern life was full of charm for him, and the day on which he first saw the Pyramids was a red letter one in his calendar. But more than all he was impressed by that most wonderful monument of a great and wise people—the Sphinx, that with the same shrewd impassive face, the same wise cynical smile has watched generations pass away and palaces fall into ruin, and still remains the same. He explored the interior of the Great Pyramid, which contains the tomb of Cheops, and then went to Sachara to see the tombs and Pyramids there. Some of the tombs have, so far, escaped the hand of the spoiler, and remain untouched as they have been for thousands of years; those that have been opened are found to be covered inside with hieroglyphics cut in most delicate relief, representing the whole life of the Egyptians. They are highly realistic, and beautifully executed and coloured, though exposure has in many cases destroyed the colour.

This was the most Eastern place that Sir William visited, and the tropical heat, the low mud huts, the brilliant moonlight on the palms, the crowds of Arabs, and the primitive way of life, were to him intensely attractive. The first night was a disastrous one, the hut in which the travellers slept being close and stuffy and haunted by cats, who prowled among the saddle-bags snarling and disputing over the scraps of food that they found; and infested by smaller foes who made sleep impossible. They petitioned to be allowed to move their quarters to the roof, but were answered that it was impossible, as the women's apartments were adjacent, so they bore the discomfort as best they could, and the next day made themselves a zareba of cane branches in the desert, among the palm trees growing round a lake made by the overflow of the Nile. Here the Sheikh sent them a guard of fifteen men in case of an attack from the desert; but the peace was unbroken, and after sojourning here for a few days the party returned to Cairo, entering the city in the evening when it lay wrapped in twilight, the minarets and domes standing up like sentinels in the misty darkness, the impressive Pyramids in the distance against the strong light of the afterglow, like eternal sentinels, and great slopes of plum-coloured hills bounding in the whole plain, made a scene which brought back the Arabian Nights; mysterious adventure, picturesque crime, and a life so different to that of commonplace commercial so-called civilization. Gradually the city disappeared in a sea of blue, up to the horizon, which looked like a wall against the sky, and the purple twilight crept on till heaven and earth seemed for a moment mixed. Long after the sunset, rays remained in the west, the afterglow being a very real thing indeed, a distant echo of sunlight capable of casting a strong violet shadow. Then the lights of the city shone out like jewels in the azure twilight, and the travellers came into the long streets lit by scanty oil lamps alternating light and darkness, and full of dim figures, camels crashing their way down the thronged alleys, sullen Bedouins edging silently through the crowd, and finally they arrived in the centre of the exaggerated bustle of an Eastern town.

Portico of Sultan Hanam Mosque, Cairo.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Photo. Hollyer.
A Child Study.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Keeping Cairo as headquarters, Sir William rode out to Ghizeh to shoot wolves and jackals, but the expedition came to an untimely end owing to one of the party having a touch of the sun. He also went to Heliopolis, where Joseph and Mary rested on their flight into Egypt, or, as the Arab guide expressed it, "took lunch." Nothing is now left but an obelisk at the end of a long avenue of trees, which was there when Abraham visited Egypt. While in Cairo he devoted himself to sketching, generally in Old Cairo, or Boulak—both are full of fine motives; or wandering in the different quarters of the town, or the Coptic villages in the environs, he found

in every corner subjects for his sketch-book. Although he drew incessantly, he felt too saturated with new impressions to make full use of them until he had time to realise them. He found that the chief use of foreign travel was to observe nature which is untrammelled by convention, and so to store the mind that it can draw upon that store in peace later on, and invent out of what it has found—what can be done by painting on the spot is so little and so unsatisfactory, but what can be done by observation and memoranda is enormous.

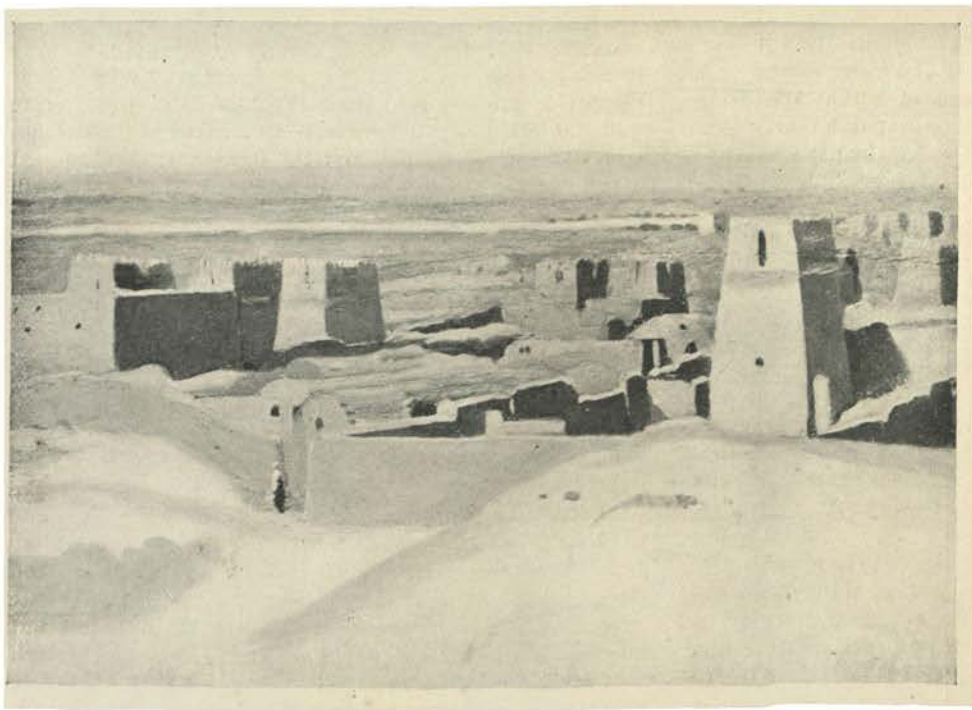
Sir William has since made other visits to Egypt, notably one where he skirted the Desert of the Blacks in company with a friend and fourteen Soudanese troops, all mounted on camels: a long and arduous journey to Wady Natroun, where there still exist Coptic monasteries dating from the fifth century, the lives and customs of the monks being identical with those of their predecessors. This journey finished with a visit to Crete and a third visit to Athens and the Morea, with the purpose of seeing the excavations in Tyryns and Mykene, and the then recently discovered treasures upon the Acropolis of Athens.

Sir William returned to Egypt in 1895, when he went up to El Kab and stayed with a friend in his diabeyah. It was an exceptionally hot winter, and the warmth of the climate was delightful to the traveller, who became almost like an Arab, adopting the dress, a long loose linen shirt, discarding shoes and stockings with all other European impedimenta. He got through a great deal of work, besides wandering for miles over mountains which are exceptionally noble in form, though small; dangerous in parts are the narrow tortuous valleys among which it is easy to lose one's way. Thoroughly did he enjoy this sojourn. Going down the river on his way home, he visited many places of interest, including Thebes, Luxor, and Denderah, delighting in their beauty and living in the past, studying the relation of Egyptian to Greek architecture. He stayed some time in Cairo, devoting himself especially to drawing in the mosques and about the environs of the delightful city, not yet spoiled by European barbarians, frequently spending the entire day in one or other of the mosques observing the picturesque crowds of Arabs, negroes and Copts passing from the shadow of the deep doorways and recesses to the full light of the court open to the sky. One has not realised what colour is until the East has been visited.

A year later the fascination of the desert drew Sir William again to Egypt, first to Cairo, then to Alexandria, from whence he and a friend, with fourteen camels, struck westward, then south-east, crossing the high level plateau which borders the Desert of the Blacks. Their destination was Wady Natroun, where there exists a Greek monastery, founded in the fourth century. Few Europeans have been to this interesting place. The journey was not without its dangers, owing to the savage Arab tribes who wander over the desert, and some of whom are hostile to Europeans. The monastery was successfully reached by his friend, but Sir William, who had been ill during all the latter part of the journey, nearly died of dysentery, and had to lie up in a shed. He recovered, and as soon as he was fit to move the travellers returned to Cairo, disappointed somewhat, but glad to have seen the real desert. The colour is amazing; at noon the sand takes the colour of ripe corn, and as the day grows towards evening the lights grow warmer, until at sunset even the shadows are scarlet and purple. The moon is very white in Egypt; like a silver globe it casts deep shadows as intense and sharp in outline as if they had been drawn in ink, and in the still nights the flat surface is lit, the brilliant colours of the pebbles shining pink or blue in the strong light, a very carpet of precious stones. Never are there to be seen such lustrous stones elsewhere; they take all colours from the amethyst to the ruby.

Spain is another country which is full of interest for Sir William, not so much by reason of Spanish pictures, as by its architecture.

He is not an enthusiastic admirer of the Spanish school of painting, having always preferred the Italian; but Spanish Gothic architecture, particularly where it retains traces of the Saracen influence, is remarkably beautiful and unique in character. The best examples are the cathedrals of Toledo and Seville, the latter being a masterpiece of its kind, having about it a severe romance, and a masculine sense of proportion governing fascinating details. The graceful beauty of the mosque at Cordova enchanted him, and he made many studies of it, while for Granada the only word of description he could find was "fairyland."



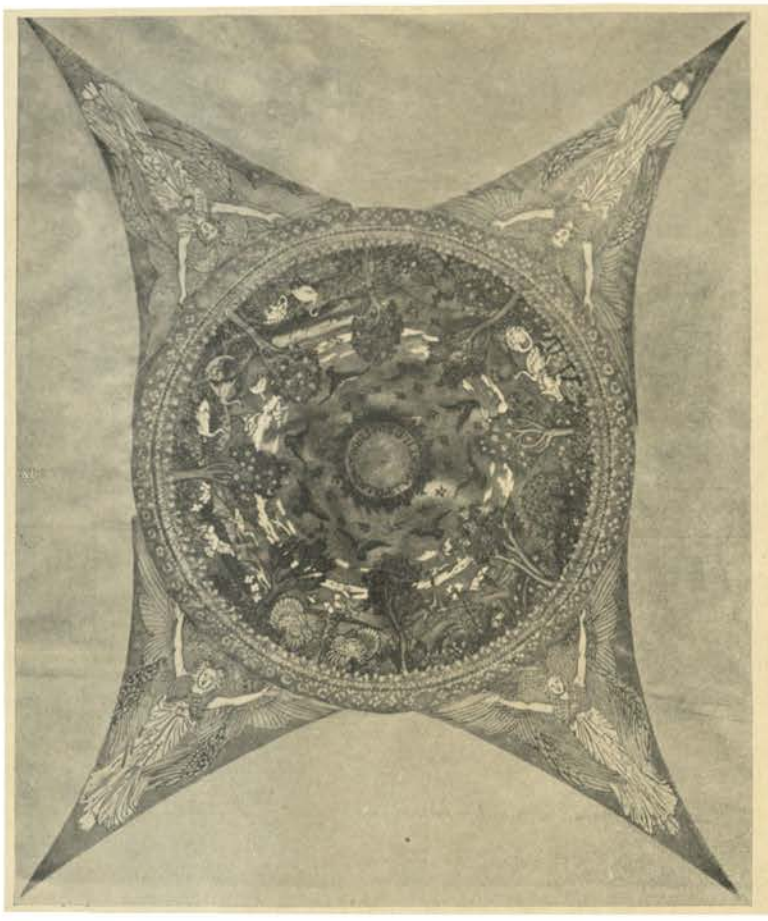
Village of Mahommed, near El Kab, Egypt.
A Sketch by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Photo. Hollyer. *Melchizedek blessing Abraham. Design for Mosaic Decoration in St. Paul's Cathedral. From the Cartoon in the Victoria and Albert Museum. By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.*

VI.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

To resume the record of his working life, in which the travels just spoken of were only interludes, the time came at last when Sir William was called upon to undertake the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral in mosaic. This he regards as the work of his life, on which all previous study centred. He had gone into the subject so thoroughly in Italy, that, when in 1891 he was approached with a view to the decoration of St. Paul's, he felt perfectly ready from a technical point of view to undertake it. The result of the enterprise every one knows; it has been much abused and much praised, and, as always, a great deal of nonsense has been written about it in the Press, combined with some sincerity. The hostile attitude is very natural, for English people have been so long unaccustomed to the use of colour in buildings, that the idea has arisen that architecture should necessarily stand alone, a solitary art, and it has been forgotten that from time immemorial, till the end of the sixteenth century, no buildings were complete without the addition of colour. In point of fact uncoloured building is entirely modern; the Parthenon at Athens was coloured inside and out, and so were all Greek temples. Those built of stone were cased with stucco and painted thereon with wax, and there are ample remains of such decorations in Greece, Sicily and Italy. Byzantine work followed on Greek traditions, and so did Roman, though in a minor degree. The Greek arts were probably in a measure initiated by the Egyptian, and it is well known that all Egyptian temples were coloured. In England all the mediæval churches were painted from top to bottom, including Westminster Abbey, and at this moment, though it may hardly be believed, there are over 2,000 English churches which retain traces of wall painting. There is no doubt that Wren intended to decorate St. Paul's with mosaic, and a scheme was partly drawn up, though it was never completed. It is impossible to imagine anything more terrible than mosaics executed at that time would have been. Taste was at its lowest ebb, and even Wren, with all his capacity and ability, had no idea of what was noble in decorative art; it was not in the air, and had the designs been carried out it is probable they would have been monstrous failures. The mosaics executed in St. Peter's at Rome during Wren's period as an architect in England, are—*quâ* mosaic—hideous, like huge oil paintings hung up, and even the mosaics of a little earlier time in St. Mark's, Venice, by such great artists as Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese are likewise, from a decorative point of view, inadequate. The art of mosaic is eminently one which demands severity of design and severity of treatment, simple though brilliant colouring, with a great quantity of gold. Gold is the life of mosaic.

When the Dean and Chapter first approached Sir



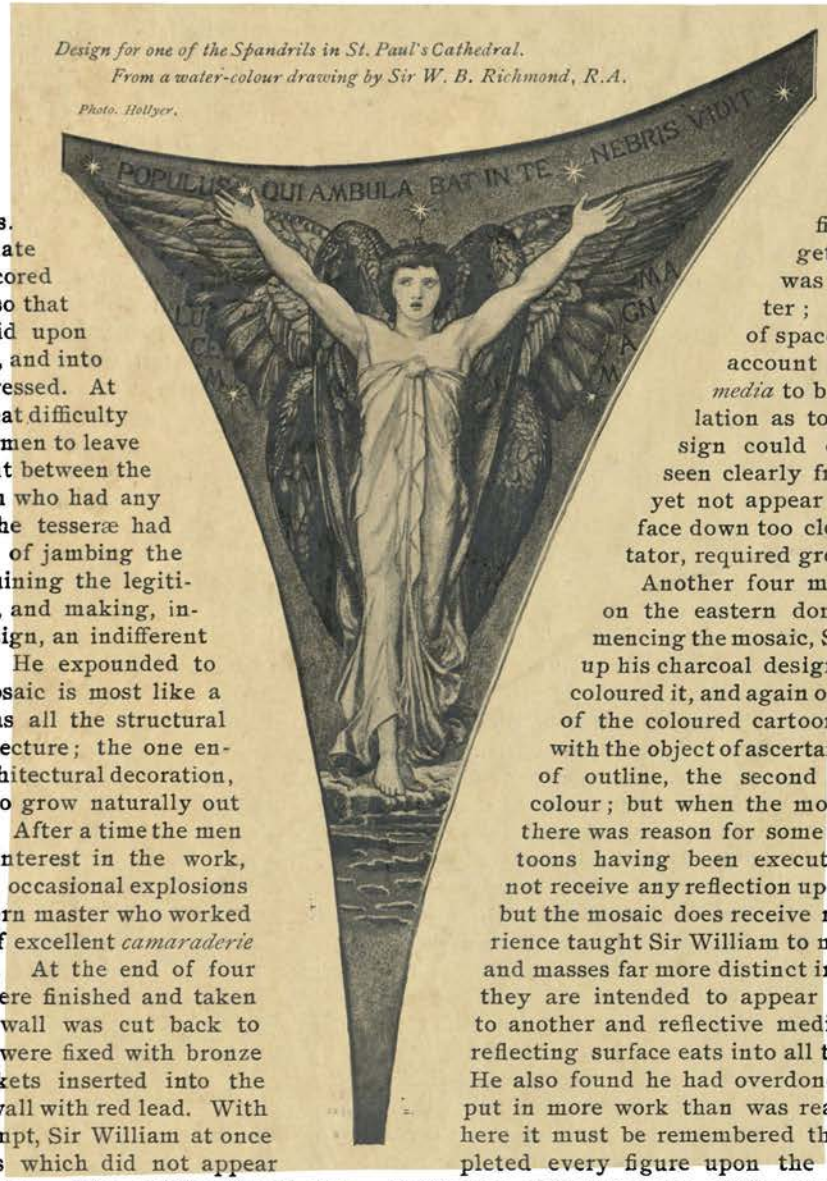
Design for one of the Choir Domes, St. Paul's Cathedral.
From a water-colour drawing by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

William upon the subject of decorating St. Paul's, they asked him to paint upon the walls; but this he declined to do. Not only because Wren had intended to decorate his cathedral in mosaic, and, as architect, understood the requirements of the building as to material better than any one, but also because mosaic can be washed without injury to it, an absolutely necessary precaution in the smoke-laden atmosphere of London. A further advantage is that mosaic admits of a free use of gold, which is, in his opinion, a necessity of decoration in our climate, or indeed in any other. As soon as Sir William had received the commission, he drew out his scheme of design, and started for Italy, to re-study the mural decoration in Rome, Sicily and other places. He determined to set his face against pictorial mosaic, and to adhere to the principles of design and execution which prevailed in Greece, Italy and Asia Minor during the classical times of the Byzantine Empire, revived again in Italy in the fourteenth century, and in England in the nineteenth: he laid down as an axiom that his design should be controlled by his material, not the material by the design. Another *sine quâ non* was that the work should be executed by English and not foreign labour; if, in his opinion, England could not provide workmen for the decoration of her Metropolitan Church, it had better be abandoned. And above all he determined to re-adopt the old method of setting the cubes into the wall direct, avoiding the modern style of fixing them by means of gum on to canvas in a workshop far removed from the building that is to receive them. In order to carry out the work in the ancient manner a cement had to be found, and in a Bolognese manuscript Sir William found the ingredients of a mastic cement, which answers in every detail to one employed in the fourteenth century in the restoration of the mosaics on the dome of the Baptistery at Florence. Its advantages are many; it does not dry too rapidly, and retains a certain modicum of elasticity for a long time, while it eventually becomes as hard as stone. The next step was to procure the cubes, and for these he went to Messrs. Powell, the best glass-makers in England, if not in the world. They took great pains to supply him with mosaic cubes in colours of his choice; indeed, on placing them side by side with tesseræ of the best Greek and old Italian manufacture, they were hardly distinguishable from them, allowing for some disintegration of surface made by time and weather upon the ancient cubes. Then came the difficulty of obtaining workmen. Messrs. Powell had two men in their employ who had repeated a picture of Mr. Holman Hunt's in mosaic, but as their execution had been based upon the modern *picture* mosaic, executed with thin plates of glass instead of cubes, the method which Sir William had determined to employ was entirely new to them. A few more men being collected, the work was taken in hand.

It appeared to Sir William that, much as he desired to execute at once upon the wall of the church, the beginning should be made as easy as possible, seeing that he was to initiate the recovery of a lost art,

St. Francis: Study for Mosaic in St. Paul's Cathedral.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

hence the difficulties must necessarily be great. He therefore built in his garden a studio for himself and a shed for the workmen, whose numbers as time went on increased to nine, and there they worked for four months. The first mosaics to be executed were those in the two spandrils above the arch on the north side of the sanctuary, between the cornice and the capitals. He chose to make his first essays upon the part of the church lying midway between the vaulting and the floor, so that he might have a fair chance of trying the strength of light and shade at a comparatively speaking moderate altitude. Thus he would have a guide for future work by which he could reason what strength would be required at a greater height. He began at the beginning with his workmen, learning to cut up the material with his own hands, and executing a good deal of the work himself. As a result of this experience he believes in only four shapes, namely, the cube, the double cube, the equilateral triangle, and elongated cut forms finishing in sharp points. He had large slabs of slate cut, which were well scored with diamond shapes, so that the intonaco to be laid upon them would find a grip, and into these the cubes were pressed. At first Sir William had great difficulty in persuading his workmen to leave a good margin of cement between the cubes, for those of them who had any experience in laying the tesseræ had acquired the bad habit of jambing the cubes, thereby quite ruining the legitimate signs of building, and making, instead of a structural design, an indifferent imitation of a picture. He expounded to them that the worst mosaic is most like a picture, and the best has all the structural qualities akin to architecture; the one entirely out of place as architectural decoration, while the other seems to grow naturally out of structural conditions. After a time the men began to take a keen interest in the work, and also, in spite of his occasional explosions of anger, to like their stern master who worked with them, and a spirit of excellent *camaraderie* prevailed in the studio. At the end of four months the spandrils were finished and taken to the Cathedral. The wall was cut back to receive the slabs, which were fixed with bronze screws into leaden sockets inserted into the stone, and bound to the wall with red lead. With regard to this first attempt, Sir William at once perceived a few defects which did not appear until they were in position. The outlines were not sufficiently strong, and the half-tones too narrow on account of the too liberal use of white; errors which he rectified *in situ*.



Design for one of the Spandrils in St. Paul's Cathedral.
From a water-colour drawing by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.
Photo. Hollyer.

Having now got his men into thorough training, he determined to begin forthwith working upon the wall, and accordingly embarked upon the easternmost dome of the choir. The design was first made on a small scale, then enlarged about four times the size. At this point Sir William made studies from nature for every head, every foot, every fold of drapery, the full size for the mosaic, followed by a coloured sketch done either in pastel or tempera. Then he worked on the full-sized cartoon done from the small drawing, corrected and re-corrected it, and then he added the colour in tempera mixed with pastel. This procedure he followed in every case, all the cartoons being drawn by his own hand, excepting in the minor parts, and he had two assistants in the studio who drew the outlines from highly finished drawings made by himself. As the cartoons were finished they were taken to the Cathedral, traced and transferred on to the wall by pressure from a style. The designs for the quarter-domes were all drawn at once on the wall, a necessity when dealing with strong curves. Many were the attempts which had to be reconsidered before a satisfactory result was obtained. Some drawings for the small domes had to be drawn in sections, and the fitting of these together on the curve was not an easy matter; all irregularities of space had to be taken account of, and the *via media* to be found by calculation as to whether the design could or could not be seen clearly from the floor, and yet not appear to bring the surface down too closely to the spectator, required great care to find.

Another four months were spent on the eastern dome. Before commencing the mosaic, Sir William offered up his charcoal design. Afterwards he coloured it, and again offered up a portion of the coloured cartoon. The first was with the object of ascertaining the strength of outline, the second the strength of colour; but when the mosaic was executed there was reason for some regret. The cartoons having been executed in pastel, did not receive any reflection upon their surfaces, but the mosaic does receive reflection. Experience taught Sir William to make his outlines and masses far more distinct in the cartoon than they are intended to appear when transposed to another and reflective medium, because the reflecting surface eats into all the dark surfaces. He also found he had overdone the detail, and put in more work than was really needed. But here it must be remembered that Phidias completed every figure upon the pediment of the Parthenon, although some of the most exquisite portions of the work were to be for ever hidden from view from the time they left his workshop until they were taken down by Lord Elgin. This to the commercial mind is labour thrown away, but to the dedicatory spirit of the great Greek artist, his labours meant religious offering to the virgin goddess; he gave her his best and noblest, disregarding the labour as he disregarded praise or blame. Those who have watched the progress of the work in St. Paul's will recognise

Water Carrier: a sketch for a picture in progress.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

that, whatever may be its merits or defects, Sir William Richmond has offered it in the same spirit of dedication, grudging neither labour nor failing to expend his best energy and experience. Sentiment apart, it is established that the influence of delicate details, even upon a height, is never wholly lost; it gives a play of colour, a mystery and an interest which breadth alone cannot achieve; it is possible to overdo detail, but it is far worse to underdo it. To overdo breadth ends in baldness, which is almost certainly a far greater sin than an excess in the other direction.

Every part of a building, of course, requires different treatment, owing to the manifold effects of light to which the surfaces are subjected. In the case of the dome it was desirable to heighten it in effect rather than lower it, so Sir William made the scale of the objects thereon small as compared with those upon the face walls, and designed for it on the principle of concentrating circles, which he considers to be a finer treatment for a domical surface than breaking it up into vertical ribs. Fearing to miss his intention of adding rather than diminishing height, he kept the outline of his forms thin—not more than half an inch in width—and made use of brown instead of black. Upon all the interior forms of birds and trees he permitted himself neither brown nor black, and kept all the drawing of the wings, feathers, etc., very bright in colour, making use of green, red, amber, blue, grey, both warm and cool, and the high lights of white or a pale lemon-yellow. In many instances, notably in the birds which he wanted to appear whitish, he outlined the more delicate parts of their plumage in silver, so that those outlines might appear to be dark when the silver was not shining, and dark off the white when the silver shone. In the leaves of all the trees he drew the veins with silver, and touched the edges of the leaves with gold. The gold background of the whole design is made of burnt gold, and the tesseræ are laid in circles, concentrating at the apex and widening as they descend the curve. The colours necessary for mosaic are very few, and as the work advanced they were reduced to eight tones; indeed, the more he did, the more Sir William found it necessary to simplify the work and eliminate details which would have been acceptable in painting, but were not legitimate in mosaic. Pure white he found to spread excessively, dark blue tells as black, amber becomes unreasonably dark, and even pale, cool pinks grey very much at a distance, requiring to be outlined with a strong red to give them value. Both warm and cool greys can be altered as to their appearance very markedly by the colour of the outline by which they are surrounded; outlined with blue the whole mass appears to be influenced in a very distinct manner by its environment; the same holds good when the outline is red. Blue round white intensifies the blue as light, whereas outlined with red white appears pink. Strong yellow-greens tell extremely well, but they must be outlined with a thick line of red or rich brown to give them their proper value. White lines among light green are very disastrous except at rare intervals; either a toned grey or a dull yellow breaks the green

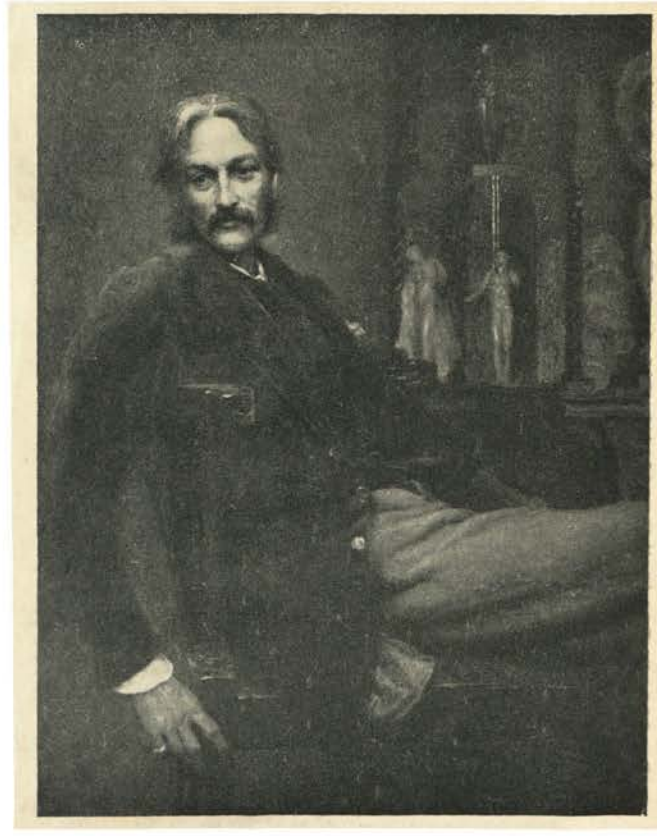


Photo. Hollyer.] *Andrew Lang (p. 31).*
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

best. A black outline to blue is only necessary to divide the blue from gold, or to draw the folds of drapery where the lights of the blue are heightened with gold; the black outlining seems to preserve the integrity of the blue, whereas a red outline turns the blue into purple. A dark outline of blue on green gives a very mysterious effect, but in that case the blue must be a very clear one, and of the middle quality, neither green nor of red tendency, otherwise the blue will make the green appear muddy.

It has been said that a great deal of silver was used, notably in the two spandrils and in the dome, but Sir William resolved against employing it so extensively in the future, as it has a tendency to grey its surroundings. It looks very dark when not illumined; on the other hand, silver has, when flashing, a greater power of light and expansion than gold. A line of silver one-sixteenth of an inch wide, will eat through the lines of black, almost as light eats into the lead lines of a window. The appearance of silver is easily attained, without disadvantage, by inserting a thin line of white and outlining it upon either side with a still thinner line of gold. As the dome was worked out Sir William gained experience of the effect of one colour upon another, and of what to avoid in future. The chief thing he saw reason to regret was the insufficient strength of the outlines, especially upon those parts of the design that have a golden background. The tesseræ that he employed were also on the whole too small in the earlier work, and from this fact arose an excess of detail, as he was able to put more into a given space than with the larger cubes. The gold background was extremely successful, no burnished gold being used at all, and red, green and pure gold being laid side by side.

The brassy and unpleasant appearance of modern gold backgrounds is chiefly due to two causes, first that the tesseræ have been laid too flatly and closely together, secondly, only one quality of gold, instead of many, has been adopted—interchange of various tints of gold gives a pleasant variety of tone and colour. Probably, of the two, the more disagreeable effect is obtained by the too close proximity of the tesseræ, but also by the colour of the intonaco in which they are laid. There is no danger in letting the ground show half an inch or more in width round each cube, and under certain circumstances of light even that width may be expanded, there being far greater likelihood of error on the thin than on the thick joint. Gold set into a white ground never looks so well as when it is set into a red one, the white outline having a tendency to grey the gold excessively; this was recognised by the ancients, for in the Baptistery at Florence they took pains to colour the white line red. In modern Italian restoration of ancient mosaic, bright burnished gold has been set up in the place of dull and broken gold, hence the old work has been rendered vulgar and garish, instead of rich and solemn. As an instance, the mosaic in the apse of S. Ambrogio at Milan has in recent years been almost spoilt by coarse restoration.

Burnished gold shines excessively in full light, and consequently eats through the edges of every neighbouring colour, and in shadow it becomes relatively dark, and an extremely powerful reflector of darks; whereas the modified or crackled gold does not shine so brightly, nor does it reflect dark to the same extent when in shadow. It may be remembered how thin the spiked gold lines are which lighten the draperies of the Greek and early Italian mosaics, when the gold flashes they only seem to illumine the colour with which they are mixed, and when they are in shade only give splendour to the local colour; they are never over-pronounced as *glitter*.

This treatment of gold is undoubtedly the finest, and it is that treatment which Sir William has reverted to in his work in St. Paul's. The black pigment made use of by the old Greek and Italian mosaicists seems to have been a kind of cinder colour, quite dull, not glossy on the surface, and corroded by the heat of the kiln. They had not a strong black, so as a rule they adopted dark brown as an outline: it told darker than the indifferent black at their command. The brilliant light of the Italian skies does not oblige the outlines of form to be so manifestly insisted on as in our dark climate. Where in Italy a thin outline of brown would be quite sufficient to detach one colour from another, and to mark the form, here to achieve the same result double thickness of outline and double depth of colour is necessary. Therefore Sir William found that he required a stronger black, and Messrs. Powell supplied him with one that was invaluable. In shadow it tells really black, and becomes a deep grey when the light falls directly upon it; in reflected light it assumes a sufficiently neutral dark to serve all purposes of a strong outline, so when the work is in full light the black outlines do not cut too sharply.

Design for East Window, St. Paul's Cathedral.
From water-colour drawing by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

After the completion of the small dome, as winter was coming on, and the scaffolding in the cathedral was not complete, Sir William determined to execute two more panels upon slate; these were done in the workshop at Whitefriars. But when they were put in place, he realised once and for all the utter futility of such a practice. His cartoons had been made previously, and being set in place they looked strong and light, because of the non-lustrous quality of their surfaces. The mosaics, seen side by side with the cartoons in the workshop, looked right, and were certainly wonderful fac-similes of the drawings; but the moment they were placed among their surroundings, deep undercuttings of mouldings and darkness, it was evident to the artist that they must be gone over and considerably strengthened, not so much in regard to the local colour as in emphasis of black and white. The dark outlines he judged to be too thin, and the white lines too much toned, and he and his men at once set to work to correct these defects, inserting outlines of half an inch in width of the new black among the dark colours, and among the light colours were inserted very pure white drawing or separating lines. A great deal of the bright gold was also withdrawn to be replaced by dull. The effect was magical, and repaid the labour it cost, which was excessive, as the intonaco had already become as hard as flint, and each single tessera had to be removed by mallet and chisel.

This finally decided Sir William that in future he would work always *in situ*: his experiments having convinced him that the practice of executing decorative work in a studio, and then fixing it on the wall of a building differently lighted and influenced by the character of the architectural mouldings and surroundings, is fatal to successful decoration. It also involves considerable loss of time and expenditure of energy, because if the artist is conscientious, he will feel bound to re-execute the greater portion of his work, so that it may take its relative place among the objects of which it should be one, and to which it should bear relation. He also found it desirable to make only the roughest sketch for colour on the cartoon, although every boundary line between shadow and shade, shade and light should be very clearly defined, because the transposing from one material to another involves changes that can only be made under the eye of the artist. It is true that he can calculate, in a measure, for the modifications, a necessary part of transposition; but the more delicate modifications, which are the life and soul of success, he can only make when actually working in the material that is producing his design. For this reason it is necessary that the artist should constantly superintend the translation of his design from one material to another whenever he cannot execute it himself.

So space after space was gradually filled up, each improving as experience and practice were gained. At the same time Sir William was careful to retain work which, while it did not come up to his standard of completeness, displayed at the same time a vitality and character that he felt it would be a pity to lose. Uniformity of execution in a work of such magnitude would end in dulness; we feel the pulse of the workman in the touch of failure, and the work is human; the shadow as well as the light of the human mind is there; our sympathies are aroused for the duplex nature of man. A dead level of perfection would be quite insufferable on such an enormous scale, which naturally demands the exhibition of many and various phases of thought.

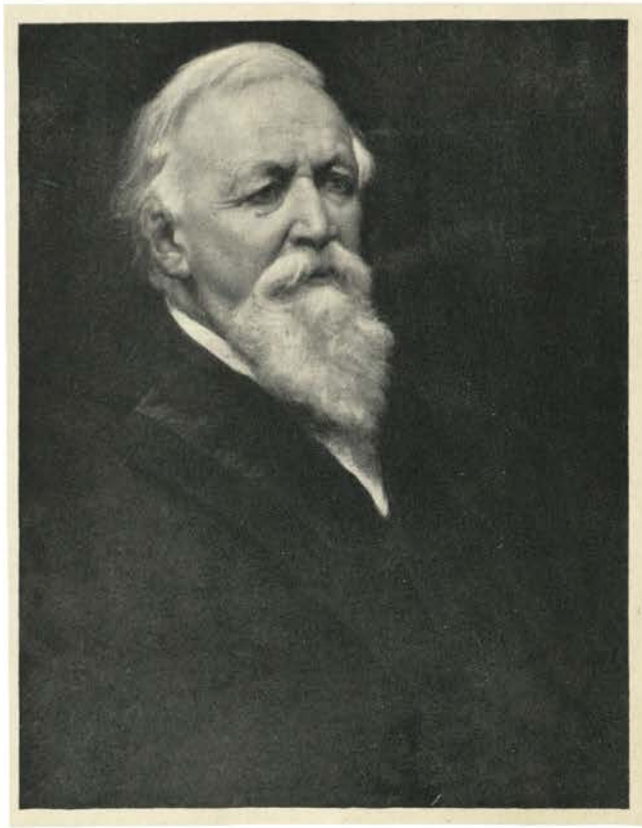


Photo. Hollyer. *Robert Browning (p. 31).* *By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.*

The question of coloured windows was not an easy one to decide. Had Sir William been free to follow his preference he would have blocked up the upper windows in the apse, leaving the lower tier in white glass, well leaded up into patterns so that the floor of the apse would have received strong light, that would have been reflected up again on to the apse. Instead of that desirable effect dark green windows have been put into the lower tier, and the centre window has been blocked up by a black altar, which is exactly the wrong place to have introduced a note of darkness. The result is that the floor of the apse receives no light, nor does the back of the reredos, so the mosaics which are on the curved surface of the vault of the apse are in shadow, instead of gleaming with light as was intended. He still hopes that a change may some day be affected: the green windows replaced by clear glass and a white altar substituted for a black one, or, better still, no altar there at all. He found it necessary to keep the upper tier of windows warm and highly coloured, and especially to treat the centre one of the three with very deep colour, as it would otherwise have absorbed too much light as seen from the nave. The clerestory windows presented a difficulty on account of the necessity to preserve a sufficiency of light. The design is drawn entirely with lead lines, the glass is set into lead, the lead forming every outline; it has no painting on it save in the faces of the angels, whose features are drawn in strong black lines. Glass windows are, no more than mosaic, intended to be an imitation of

pictures. The best windows are least like pictures, the worst are indifferent copies of them. Picture-windows do not go well with mural decoration, and they only came into vogue when wall decoration was being abandoned. In the two transept windows, lead over an inch in width was used for the main outlines; these windows look very flat, and none of the design jumps out of the surface.

When the choir aisles are completed according to the scheme, the decoration of the choir proper will take its place; at present the transition between the decorated portion of the choir and the undecorated aisle vaults in the four bays, still incomplete, is too sudden and gives a thin appearance to the wall of the choir. In the windows of the nave Sir William would like to see no stained glass, but instead white glass, leaded up in fine patterns not too large in scale, and with a broad bold border, to improve the proportions of the windows, which at present appear very faulty. The green glass at present existing in the windows above the drum of the dome is most unpleasant in colour; it should be warm, not cold, for the light of London is curiously blue already. Also it sheds false colour upon the stone and upon the mosaics, those in the great spandrils of the dome as well as those in the quarter-domes.

Photo. Caswall Smith.

Mrs. Douglas Freshfield.
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

St. Paul's is not only admirably adapted for decoration, but the somewhat ponderous and uninteresting architecture is immeasurably improved by colour. Standing beneath the dome, looking first east and then west, the eye derives much more pleasure from the vista, glowing with the chastened colour offered by the choir, than from the bare coldness of the undecorated nave. Whether public opinion is unanimous on the subject is no matter; posterity will judge. What the nation has to be grateful to Sir William for is the revival of an ancient art, that had been replaced by inferior modern imitations and was in danger of being lost entirely. He has re-established the advantage of the old method by proving that it is better, quicker and cheaper than the new, that it leads to finer work, is legitimate in principle, infinitely more interesting to the workman; and the day of paper mosaic is probably over in England.

A few remarks of Sir William's on his scheme for the big dome, and on design in general, will best terminate this sketch of the decoration of St. Paul's: "If the big dome is ever covered with mosaic, and I hope it may be, it should, I think, be treated broadly, *i.e.*, not broken up by sham architectural forms, but mainly covered with gold, among which as a background should loom out angels with great wings. Indeed the design should be the Hierarchy of Heaven, but so treated that the design shall not be too prominent; mystery should be maintained, but the mystery of reflected light upon gold, not the mystery of gloom, of which we have quite enough in the dark climate of England. The time will, I believe, come when architecture and painting will be combined again; this much-to-be-desired event will not occur till the Palladian style, so much now in vogue, gives way to a simpler and nobler form of architecture, which should be the outcome of the necessities of modern life, no longer held in bondage by precedent. We are so accustomed to the gloom of our large towns, and to the absence of colour in the exterior as well as in the interior of our buildings, that the colour-instinct is deadened, and we are apt to think that colour has a vulgarising effect upon form. It is strange that travellers in Italy, while they speak enthusiastically of the glorious decoration of the churches there, still remain content with the bare walls of our own buildings and churches. The ideal building would be one erected by an architect, and adorned by a sculptor and painter

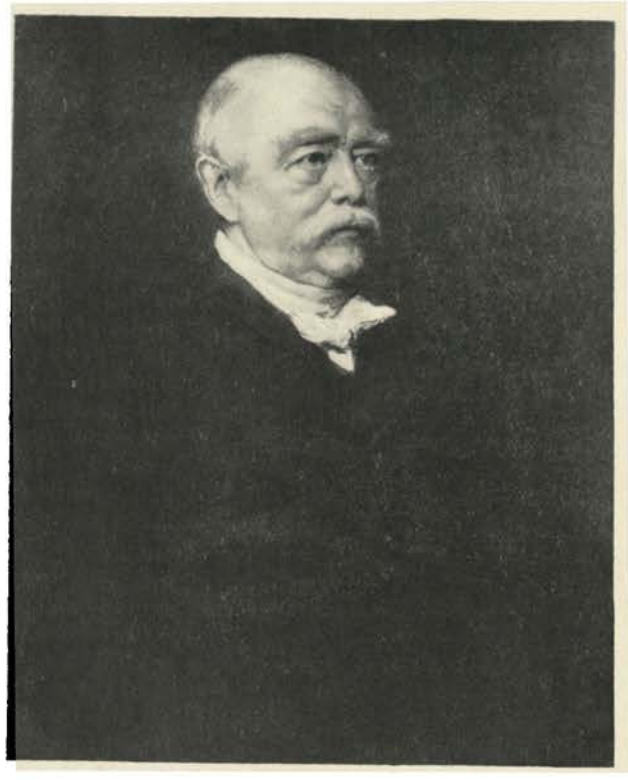


Photo. Hollyer.

Prince Bismarck (p. 31).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

in conclave; that is the way the Pantheon was achieved. The three arts are too much cut off from each other.

"After all, there is but one art—the art of design; a man who has the power and ability to design one thing, can design another as soon as he has made himself master of the necessities inseparable from the material used. There is a promise of such a future, but before it can be fulfilled the English public must be diverted from the narrow prejudices which have grown for the last three hundred years, till they have become a habit of mind not easily dislodged. I should like to see interiors of churches where decoration cannot be afforded built of brick and stone, after the fashion of the Lombard Romanesque churches. Red bricks with their white joints make a colour-scheme in themselves, and the contrast they form with the silvery grey of stone is remarkably rich and pleasing to the eye. An interior of a building exhibiting stone only, unrelieved by any colour, sends a chill into the very soul. Much might also be done by calling into the colour-scheme of churches the various tints of stone which are to be supplied by many quarries in our own country. It is difficult to see why a building should necessarily be created of one class of stone only, and we must get rid of grooves and precedents before we can learn to be original."

The scheme of decoration is not yet complete, but it goes on steadily, if slowly; indeed, within the period of writing this article, the artist has made another design for one of the domes in the choir aisle. He hopes to be able in time to show a complete scheme of decoration, carried out and fulfilled by English workmen on a scale second to none in Europe. This is not the place to attempt any criticism of work that has been so much discussed. There are many who heartily admire all that has been done.

VII.—CONCLUSION.

During the first eight years that Sir William was engaged upon the mosaic, he devoted almost his whole time to it, laying his other work aside, except for a few portraits, and his diploma picture of 'Orpheus,' and some wall painting in Cheltenham. Latterly, however, he has, while still carrying on the work at St. Paul's, begun to paint again, in the literal acceptance of the term.

Prince Bismarck (Friedrichsruhe, Dec., 1887).
From a pencil drawing by
Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

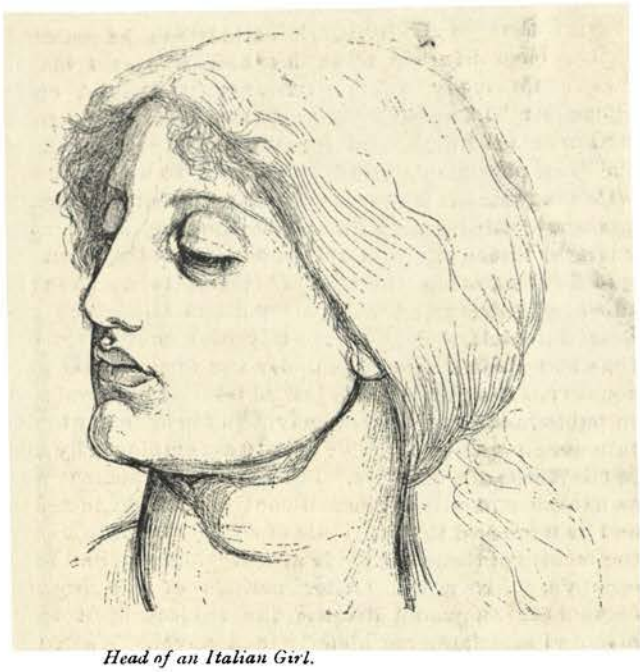
His black-and-white drawing of 'Barabbas at the Foot of the Cross,' executed within the last year or two, is little known, but is very strong and full of thought (p. 7). It represents Christ on the Cross, looking down with infinite compassion on a bowed figure kneeling at His feet; the robber, released from prison by the will of the multitude, has been haunted by the aspect of the one who suffered in his stead, and some irresistible compelling power has drawn him to the foot of the Cross, where many things have been made plain to him. This year Sir William was represented at the Academy by a picture of 'Hera in the House of Hephaistos' and a portrait of his friend W. J. Cartwright; and at the New Gallery by a fine portrait of Mrs.—now Lady—Clinton Dawkins, and a picture called 'The Last Watch of Hero for Leander.' The last mentioned shows Hero leaning over the parapet, her head resting on her clasped hands as she watches for the lover who came no more. In the background a dull orange sunset light lingers in the sky half concealed by cypress trees, but the darkness of the foreground is unrelieved, and Hero's face looms out of the gathering dusk, wide-eyed, and white, straining to catch every sound, with an expression of anxiety that is almost terror. Not terror yet, for she is fighting against the truth that is gradually forcing itself upon her, but soon to be her fate, during the long dark hours in which she realises that he will come no more.

Photo. Hollyer.

Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham (p. 31).
By Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

It would take too long to enumerate even a selected list of the portraits which Sir William has painted;

Queen Alexandra, Lady Wantage, R. L. Stevenson (p. 4), Browning (p. 28), Holman Hunt, Lady Carlisle, Lady Hood (p. 8), are a few among the many who at one time or another sat to him. In 1886 the German Emperor had sent him the gold medal, and the year after he went to Friedrichsruhe to paint Prince Bismarck (p. 30). Sir William spent ten days at Friedrichsruhe with the great statesman, who opened out to him in what Princess Bismarck declared to be a remarkable manner. Probably he felt more free to say what he liked to an Englishman than to one of his own countrymen, and could meet him on more equal ground as man to man, forgetting for a time his burden of statesmanship and power. The artist was touched by many things in the character thus revealed to him. Behind the impassive mask was no man of iron, but a sensitive emotional Saxon, who himself averred that he had never had trouble with his head, only with his heart. A man of few attachments, but those few tremendously strong; a great lover of music, a fine scholar, delighting especially in Horace, whose verses he knew by heart; but of the graphic arts entirely ignorant. The evening before Sir William had left Berlin for Friedrichsruhe, he had dined with some German professors, who told him that Bismarck had never been into the King's Museum except once when he was caught in a shower and had no umbrella, and they had begged him to tell the Prince how grateful the authorities of the Museum would be if he would give them the encouragement of his presence sometimes. Sir William ventured to point this out to the Prince. "Perfectly true," said Bismarck, "but what can I do? With the army on one hand and the army on the other hand, what time is there to think of art?" Sir William urged his plea, representing that after all the whole of Germany did not consist of soldiers, but there was a great system of education which must come under Bismarck's notice, and which demanded his encouragement. After a short deliberation the Prince said abruptly, "You're right. I'll go," and the following year Sir William had the gratification of hearing that since his visit Bismarck had shown much more interest in the King's Museum.



Head of an Italian Girl.
Study in silverpoint by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Lady Richmond.
A bust in marble by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

Darwin was another interesting sitter, though he was a man who had, through constant work in one direction, drilled himself into one groove of thought to such an extent that, except for novels, of which he was a portentous reader, he owned to having little interest in literature or art. Two great ecclesiastics, Bishop Lightfoot and Bishop Westcott (p. 30), were painted by Sir William, and deeply did he enjoy their conversation. Doctor Lightfoot was a singularly intellectual force, but Bishop Westcott was a mystic, a man of the most highly organised temperament. His conversation was intensely imaginative, every sentence conveyed a suggestive idea, and not only was he a very fine talker, but unlike many such, a most patient listener, whose endeavour was to learn of every one. Archdeacon Wilson was added to the roll the same year.

Perhaps of all Sir William's portraits the one that attracted the most attention was that of Mr. Andrew Lang (p. 26); but Sir William, as well as many others, consider his portrait of George, Lord Pembroke, the best he has ever executed; people coupled

it with that of Lady Hood. Gladstone he painted twice, once in 1867 when his hair was still black, and again many years afterwards (p. 13). A close friendship had existed between them ever since they had met in Rome, and Sir William knew much of the great politician's mind, opened out to him in many walks and talks at Hawarden during two most interesting periods of Gladstone's life; first when he was deeply engaged in the study of Dante, and secondly when he was foreshadowing the idea of Home Rule. Even to those who disagreed with his politics Gladstone endeared himself, and he completely took charge, for the time being, of all who came under the spell of his personality. His rhetoric was just as forcible in private as in public, and his powers of convincing in ordinary table-talk were no less remarkable than those employed by him in the House of Commons. For a man so vehement and so naturally impulsive his self-control was phenomenal, and he possessed that attribute of a really great intellect, the faculty of throwing aside at will whatever had been occupying his mind. After periods of the highest excitement he would dismiss the subject of it from his mind and immerse himself in a novel. When the bond of so many years was at last severed, Sir William made many drawings of his friend after death, and he is at present working upon a large piece of sculpture intended as a monument to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to be placed in Hawarden Church.

The principal subject-picture he has in hand at this time is 'Moses viewing the Promised Land' (sketch p. 6). The patriarch stands upon a peak of rock, with lifted head, gazing at the distant country that he will never see. Thick drifts of cloud wrap round him like a shroud, hiding him from those below, only lifting to let him gaze forth, and here and there to show through a rift, distant, jagged peaks. The picture is very light in tone, with the clear atmosphere of the mountain, and full of a sort of reflected radiance, as of the glory that was half revealed. Sir William is also engaged on various portraits, notably one of the present Archbishop of York. His principle is always to keep a great deal of work going on at once, and to turn from one to another picture as necessity or inclination guide him. There are stacks of pictures in the studio, which may some day be completed or may not, though it is no part of the artist's scheme to leave unfinished work behind him.

It may be added, in conclusion, that Sir William was elected an R.A. in 1895. He is besides a D.C.L. of Oxford, a Fellow of the Societies of Arts and Antiquaries and an Honorary Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, as well as M.A. He was made a K.C.B. in the Jubilee year. Besides working on the Borough Council of Hammersmith, he is an active member of the Society for the Abatement of Coal Smoke, and has lately become president of a Corporation which has been initiated for the betterment of London. He is a great reader and a constant student of the classics.

On page 18 mention was made of the artist's friendship with George Mason. Sir William writes of him as follows: "I delighted in the real English poetry that his work exhibited. How exquisitely he saw the mysteriousness of English landscape, its predominant grey, which is sometimes enlivened by those flashes of gold which occur at sunset; and how he appreciated the twilights, which are more beautiful in England than those of any other country. Mrs. Percy Wyndham's 'Evening Hymn,' by Mason, always seems to me like Wordsworth at his best. I wanted very much to paint English landscapes, and did do one picture called 'The Calves,' which I saw recently and liked, but it is not my *métier*. My eyes were awakened in the South. Every painter is impressionable, but he must find out for himself what is the governing force of his own character. My nature must live back; I must dream; the past has for me a vividness which receives suggestions from the present. Somehow in the woods and mountains of Italy, among the islands of Greece, in Arcadia, in the deserts of Egypt, or in the city of Pompeii, it is not the people treading those grounds who are real to me, but what is uppermost is the world two thousand years ago—that exists. I know it is the fashion to say that this is all wrong, but I do not care to divorce myself from an imagination (if I may be permitted to call it so) which lives much in abstractions, from the intense desire to reproduce those fancies in form and colour, however inadequately. It is partly because so much that one thinks is ill adapted to these media that words come as a kind of easement to the imagination, and I have written a great deal, though published little. In the really artistic temperament three things are predominant, and when they are balanced, probably a really great artist (I do not mean I am one, far from it, but I would be if I could) is produced—emotion, intellect, and reason. They hardly ever go together, or rather the elements of the three in combination are hardly ever found in one work. The intellectual may be reasoned, and each stage is conscious, but the work that one does by emotion is done rapidly; and that work has never contented me because I feel that what Titian said is so true, 'l'improvisatore non fà mai la bella poesia.' The same thought was expressed by Tennyson when he said, 'It is the poetry that is minute and highly finished which really lasts, and there is no real art which has not been accomplished by labour and suffering, although neither labour nor suffering should ever show; we must learn to disguise that.' The artist is like a mother, he bears within him a thought which is perhaps to move the world; even if it is not a great thought, to be in any sense perfect its embodiment must be the result of pain. Art is just like life, and the artist must learn to suffer, to endure, to rule himself and his emotions until they become a part of his intellectual force. Emotion must never be allowed to run away from intellect, they must keep pace together; it is so easy to start lustily upon a race and to get out of breath before it is finished. A great artist keeps his impulse glowing by not expending it too soon. Design must be strong enough to be sustained by the moral courage necessary for its completion, and no picture is ever finished until the day it is done, just as life is not accomplished till the day we die, and Finis is written at the foot of that picture."

It is difficult to justly estimate the work of those with whom we live in the hurry of life, especially in these crowded days of change and variety. The test of time is the only abiding one, and in two or three centuries men will know more about the art of to-day than we do now. There has been no attempt at criticism or eulogy in this sketch of Sir William Richmond's work as an artist, only an endeavour to represent faithfully a life that, whatever the results may be, has been spent in strenuous effort in a great cause. Art for art's sake is a fine thing; art dedicated to the ennobling and bettering of humanity is a finer one; and those who keep alive among us the high ideals and lofty purposes that can lift even sordid things into another atmosphere, are doing a work that should enlist the sympathy and interest of men for all time.

HELEN LASCELLES.

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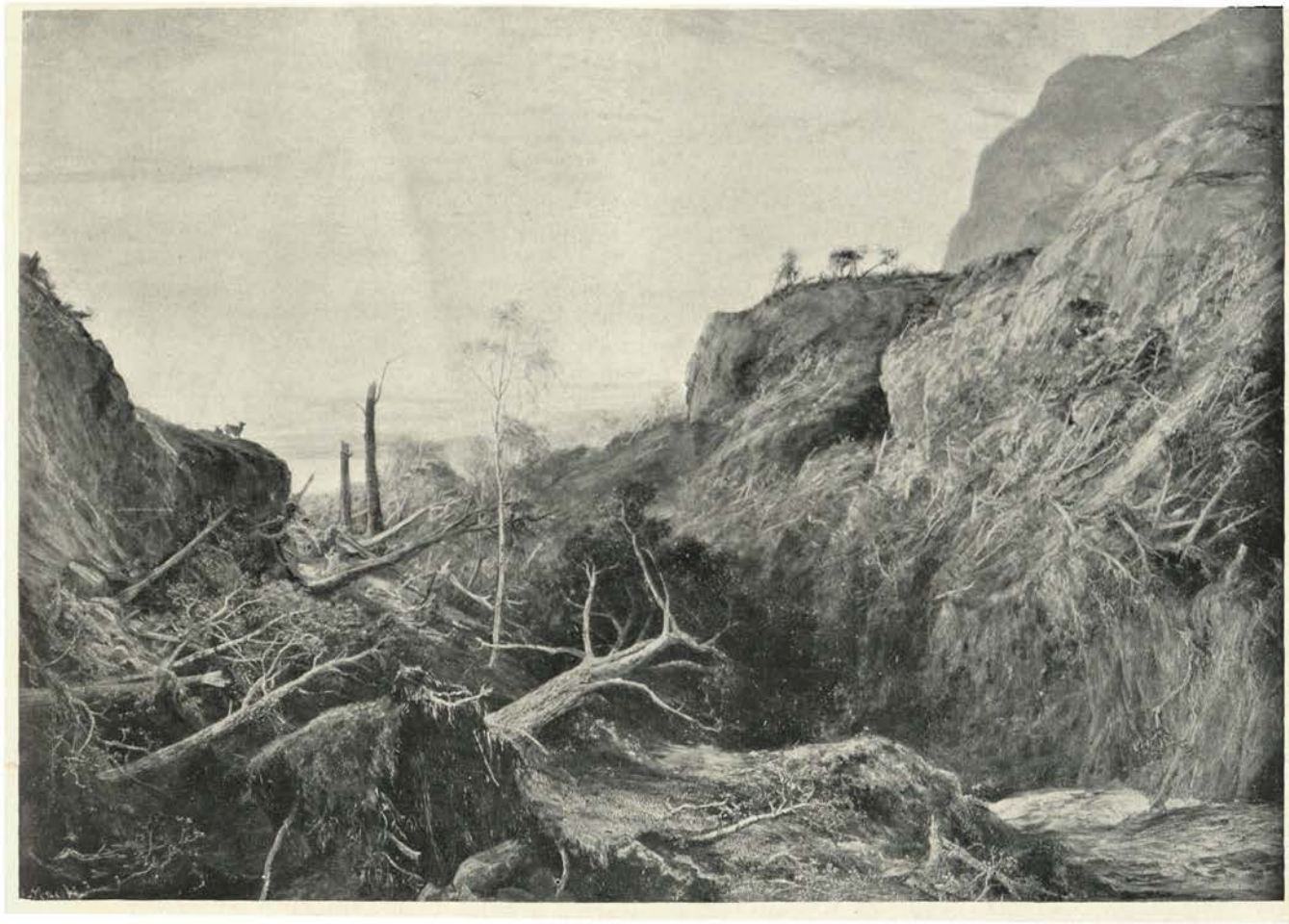
A WINTER FAIRY.

By J. MacWHIRTER, R.A.



In the Track of a Hurricane.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of W. Lockett Agnew, Esq.

John MacWhirter, R.A.

By William Macdonald Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London.

CHAPTER I.

The Artist's Love of Nature.

Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, has divided Landscape Painting into four orders—the Heroic, the Classical, the Pastoral, and the Contemplative. Of the Contemplative, he says that "It is devoted principally to the observance of the powers of Nature, and to the record of the historical associations connected with landscapes illustrated by, or contrasted with, existing states of human life . . . . . It admits of every variety of subject, and requires, in general, figure incident, but not of an exciting character. It was not developed completely until recent times. Its principal master is Turner." Of this school John MacWhirter is one of the most popular and powerful of modern exponents; and these principles, thus laid down by the great Art critic, are illustrated in all his works.

Later on, in speaking of the aims of the true Landscape Painter, the same acute writer observes that he must always have two great and distinct ends; the first to include in the spectator's mind the faithful conception of any natural objects whatsoever; the second, to guide the spectator's mind to those objects most worthy of its contemplation, and to inform him of the thoughts and feelings with which these were regarded by the artist himself. In attaining the first end the painter only places the spectator where he stands himself; he sets before him the landscape, and leaves him. The spectator is alone. He may follow out his own thoughts as he would in the natural solitude; or he may remain untouched, unreflecting, and regardless, as his disposition may incline him; but he has nothing of thought given to him; no new ideas, no unknown feelings forced on his attention or his heart. The artist is his conveyance, not his companion—his horse, not his friend. But in attaining the second end, the artist not only *places* the spectator, but *talks* to him; makes him a sharer in his own strong feelings and quick thoughts; hurries him away in his own enthusiasm; guides him to all that is beautiful; snatches him from all that is base; and leaves him more than delighted—ennobled and instructed, under the sense of not only having beheld a new scene, but of having held communion with a new mind, and having been endowed for

The Lord of the Glen.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

From the line engraving by E. P. Brandard and A. Willmore.
By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas.

a time with the keen perception and the impetuous emotion of a nobler and more penetrating intelligence.

It is because MacWhirter belongs to this higher class that he has achieved his recognised position of esteem and popularity. He is not a mere transcriber of beautiful scenes in Nature, but is essentially an interpreter. Many men can choose a lovely view and give a faithful record of it. Even a photographer can, by great care and patience, and attention to light and shade, fix an impression of charm which gives satisfaction, and is useful, at any rate, as a centre of association. But MacWhirter approaches the visible creation as the treasure-house of all our ideas of magnificence, mystery, splendour, beauty, grace, and idealism; of the infinite suggestiveness of contrast; of the endless variety of glory in which the awful and mysterious Power which lies behind Nature has chosen to be revealed to human eyes. He is, in short, not merely a faithful limner with a strong and sympathetic sense of colour, but an introspective poet who himself sees, and suggests to the spectator those "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The contrast between the beautiful transcript and the poetic interpretation is further explained by Ruskin with words that are not less helpful in appreciating the ideals and characteristics of MacWhirter. "Each of these different aims of art will necessitate a different system of choice of objects to be represented. The first does not, indeed, imply choice at all, but it is usually united with the selection of such objects as may be naturally and constantly pleasing to all men, at all times; and this selection, when perfect and careful, leads to the attainment of the pure ideal. But the artist aiming at the second end selects his objects for their meaning and character, rather than for their beauty; and uses them rather to throw light upon the particular thought he wishes to convey, than as in themselves objects of unconnected admiration. . . . . Art, in its second and highest aim, is not an appeal to constant animal feelings, but an expression and awakening of individual thought; it is therefore as various and as extended in its efforts as the compass and grasp of the directing mind." So we find our painter, who has been an earnest traveller in the most beautiful parts of the world, not only awing us with the mystery of the Highlands of his own native land, but just as enthusiastic amidst the exultant blues of the Mediterranean or the exquisite flower-spangled slopes of the Alps, which seem to sing of the profusion of loveliness in which Nature rejoices in her choicest moods; touching the chords of human sadness by the pathos of lonely strands and wild

The Lady of the Woods.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

From the line engraving by John Saddler.
By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas.

NOTE.—'The Lord of the Glen' and 'The Lady of the Woods' were the first of Mr. MacWhirter's compositions to be reproduced on an important scale. The idea originated with Mr. Arthur Lucas, who has done so much to popularise such publications of the highest class. After considerable trouble and expense the prints were issued in 1882. A special value is attached to these prints, because they are among the last productions of the old school of line engravers associated with J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The art had practically fallen into desuetude. Neither Brandard nor Willmore would take up such a large work on his own responsibility, and it was only when Brandard suggested that Willmore and he should collaborate that the work was commenced. This history of the joint production of 'The Lord of the Glen' explains the triple signature of the plate. It is well to remark that E. P. Brandard (1819–1898) was a younger brother to R. Brandard (1805–1862), as was Arthur Willmore (1814–1888) to J. T. Willmore, Associate-Engraver R.A. (1800–1863), all of whom, as well as John Saddler (1813–1892), were at one time at work for Turner.

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The Valley of the Spey.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

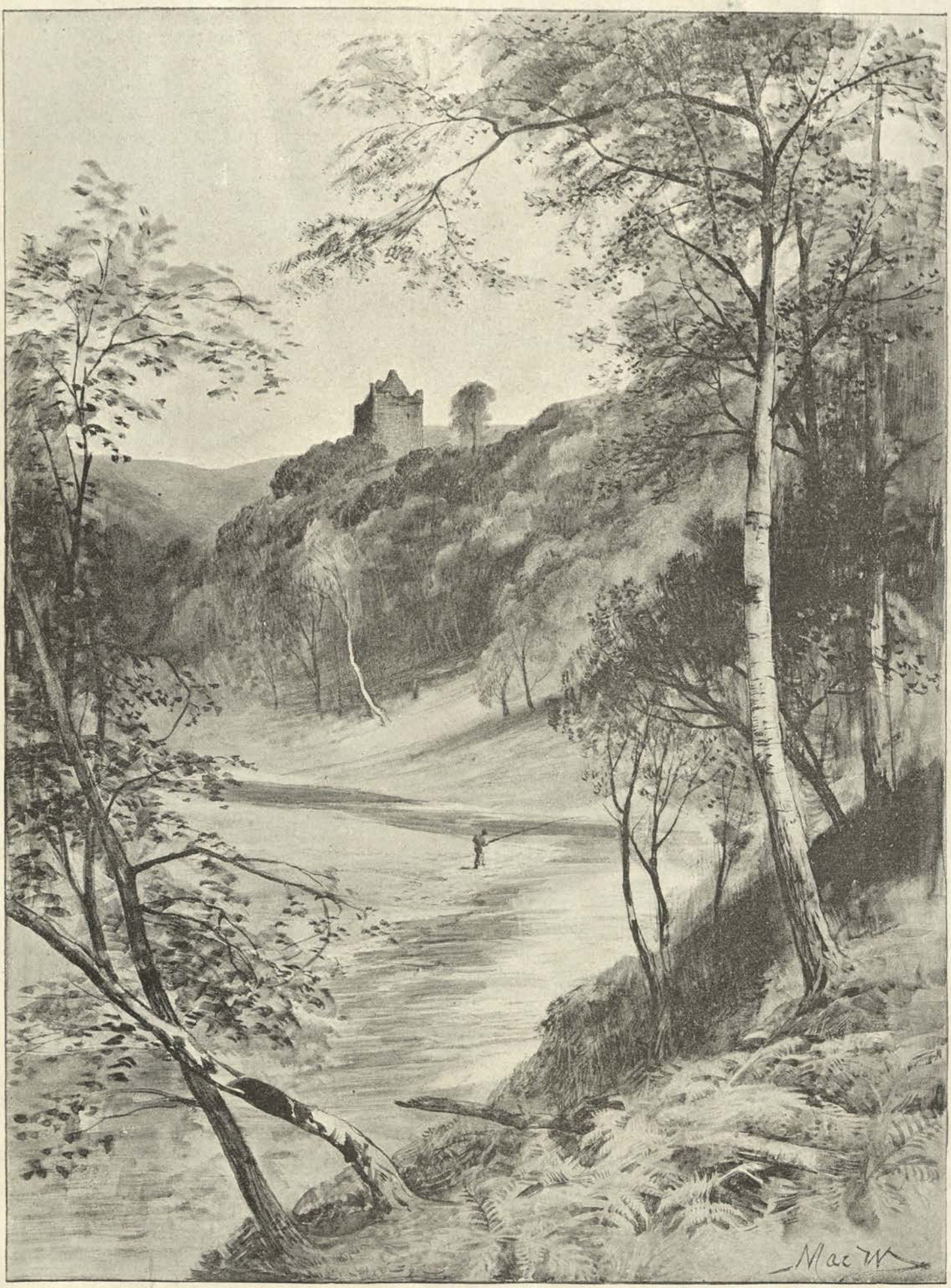
Val Maggia, Locarno.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

heaths, or by the mingled joys and sorrows of crowded city life as he shows us the twinkling lights and misty shades of a great northern capital. And if at times he repeats a success, and, urged by its popularity, gives us variations of the most fascinating native of Highland woods, it is not merely the silver birch itself that he reproduces, but the tree in different surroundings and circumstances as the emblem of the marvellous and unapproachable grace with which Nature wins the heart of those who have eyes to see.

It is the quiet seriousness and deep devotion to Nature from the beginning possessing the mind of MacWhirter which have made him so great a favourite with cultured English people, who, when they cannot afford original paintings, rejoice in the engravings and black and white reproductions which are the nearest approach they can obtain to the reality of the original. And though the wonderful power of colour is lost, tone is there, and suggests it. Living in so beautiful a country as their own, and in so busy and unquiet an age, the English people love landscape as a nearer ascent to the ideal and the divine than can easily be found in a method of living which tends to congregate more and more in cities. Such thoughts have well been suggested by another Scotsman, a friend of MacWhirter's, the poetic novelist of the West Highlands, William Black :—

"Our time is all too short for probing the mysteries of the human heart. We are very likely grasping a Will-o'-the-wisp in staking our happiness on anything so fleeting and unstable as human affection. . . . But if the beautiful things of Nature can become our friends and loved ones, then securely year after year can we greet the reappearance of the flowers. We shall grow old, but year after year there will come up the primrose and the hyacinth, and the snowdrop ever young. Day after day we can welcome the wonder of the dawn. . . . The friend whom we have trusted may disappoint and betray us; loving eyes may grow cold and find others more responsive than our own; but he who has chosen the winds and the seas and the colours of the hills for playmates and constant companions need fear no change. The most beautiful human face may fade; nay, death may step in and rob us of our treasure; but the tender loveliness of the sunrise remains, and the scent of summer woods, and the ripple of the rivulet down

Loch Coruisk.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



NEWARK TOWER, ON THE YARROW.

By J. MacWHIRTER, R.A.

Lake of Geneva, from Chexbres; "Clear, placia Leman."
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

through the spacious meadows. Only this companionship has to be wooed before it can be won; this secret voice has to be listened for. . . . Friend may prove false; but there is no discordant note in the music of the lark. And even those who have to linger in the fight until perhaps they are sore stricken with toil and wear, may find solace in retiring to these solitudes and seeking out these secret companions, letting the seasons go by peacefully to the appointed end, when they too shall see the new heavens and the new earth, of which all earth's loveliness is but the type—'Then are they glad because they are quiet: so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.'"

It is such thoughts as these that form the key-note to some of MacWhirter's finest work — 'The Sleep that is Among the Lonely Hills'; 'Over the Sea from Skye'; 'The Silence that is in the Solemn Woods'; 'The Rugged Hills of Skye'; 'Dark Loch Coruisk'; 'Loch Scavaig'; 'Alpine Meadows'; 'Flowers on the Alps'; 'A Flowery Path'; 'Mount Etna'; 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood'; 'Over the Border'; 'Lake of Geneva'; 'Romantic Switzerland.' It is Nature as the kindly friend of man that he sees, the veil of the Hidden Thought of the Unseen Power, the revealer of Beauty to the sons of men, the magic Enchantress that shows her divine origin by the infinity of the variations of loveliness which she daily and hourly weaves. The painter with the poet's mind, even if he cannot probe the whole mystery, can catch and fix us thoughts which are too shadowy and fleeting for the general mass; and so his work becomes not only a true satisfaction to the eye, but an inspiration to the soul, and a lasting consolation to the heart.

A Highland Auction.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

CHAPTER II.

WORK AND METHODS: SKETCHES, COMPOSITIONS, COLOUR SCHEMES, BLACK AND WHITE DRAWINGS, ETCHINGS.

WITH this catholic sympathy for Nature, MacWhirter has painted in many countries. He prefers Scotland and Italy, but has no decided preference for either of these two against the other, and would find it difficult to choose between them.

His love of art was born with him, and he began almost as a child to carry a note-book. At the present day he would not feel comfortable without one in his pocket. As the best landscape effects are fleeting, he has found it the secret of success to cultivate the landscape memory. "Always carry a note-book," is the first sentence in his "Hints to Students on Landscape Painting in Water Colour." "You cannot begin to train your memory too soon. The finest effects will vanish before you have time to copy them. They must, therefore, be noted down and afterwards reproduced from memory." Turner was once called by a landlord at an inn, who wished to describe him, "the man with the pencil"; and the description is equally applicable to MacWhirter. "Where there is not time both to draw and to paint," he says, "devote all the time to drawing; and before your impression of the colour fades, try to reproduce it, either over your outline, or otherwise. After some practice in this way, you will be able to summon up before your mind's eye all sorts of effects and beautiful things that you have seen. . . . All landscape painters are born with a good memory" (otherwise they would not have the gift for their art). "It must, however, be trained. Take rapid notes of all sorts of things." (In giving this advice he is describing the experience of his own methods.) "You should sit down for days (or weeks, if you like) before a tree or a root of a tree, and get all the detail and beauty you can into your drawing. Paint also ferns, mosses, bits of stick, smooth and rough stones, rocks, etc. Study flowers especially; not flowers in vases, but growing either in gardens or by the wayside or hillside. By flowers I mean, of course, also weeds and leaves of all kinds. If you continue filling up note-books with studies such as I have indicated, as well as with studies of clouds, mountains, etc., you will be able with the knowledge thus acquired to paint a *distinct* impression of a scene which has passed away. There are two kinds of impressionists those who seem to receive only a vague and blurred impression (some of the works of these artists are, however, very delightful), and those who receive a more powerful impression, who see all that the others see, while at the same time they can also remember and reproduce colour, detail, texture, etc. Turner was the greatest impressionist in landscape painting."

MacWhirter has a very large number of such note-books. His earlier studies are marvellously minute and careful; innumerable drawings of botanical objects, weeds, flowers, trees, tree-tops, church towers or picturesque buildings standing out in dark shadow against lucid skies. Ruskin

Affaric Waters.

A black-and-white drawing by J. MacWhirter, R.A.

bought a considerable number of them, and used a set of them, as examples of minute foreground detail, in his lectures to art students at Oxford. MacWhirter and others of his fellow-students in Edinburgh, such as McTaggart, Orchardson, and Hugh Cameron, formed a little sketching club, the productions of which were sent round; and it was a common thing to ask for MacWhirter's 'Twilight.'

When the memory has thus been trained, and the eye disciplined, another important maxim must be observed. "Individuality is the only valuable thing in Art. Turner admired and studied Claude, but his own strong personal genius came through. So it is with all genuine artists: with advantage they may study the work of their eminent forerunners; but, confronted with Nature, the personal inspiration of the moment will cause forgetfulness of other artists' creations, however magnificent they may be."* "I do not recommend the copying of many pictures. There is this risk, that when you go to Nature you will see with another's eyes. You must look and see for yourself. It is better to be individual, and fail, than to follow too closely in the footsteps of another. Of course, you can learn much by looking well at great works, and taking mental notes; and, indeed, it can do no harm, but only good, to copy *parts* of a great picture, if only to find out how thoroughly the great master works."† "There is this difference between genius and imitation: one catches another's gift; the other, in the face of Nature, forgets his master, and is himself." Keeley Halswelle may perhaps be mentioned as one who was at first an imitator, and afterwards was more himself. At first he was wholly dominated by Hook or John Phillip, and would reproduce the influences of Italy or Spain; later on, when he felt the enchantment of the Thames, he achieved a style of his own.

The Three Graces.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.
From the Etching by David Law, R.E.
By permission of the Fine Art Society, owners of the Copyright.

A Pen and Ink Sketch.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

In planning his scheme for a picture, MacWhirter arrives very quickly at a subject, but in execution takes a long time, and gives much trouble to preparation. His landscapes were never, of course, exact reproductions of a view seen at a particular moment; but while the view gives the main idea, experience in composition, the stores of memory, and the power of impression and imagination contribute as much, or more, to the result. He finds it best to lay in his picture in neutral tints, but never quite succeeds, as the colour gets more and more pronounced as the composition progresses. For various details he makes elaborate sketches, which he works into the subject in the course of its completion. A picture standing lately in his studio, which was to have been called 'The White Queen,' had not that name been claimed by the purchaser of a smaller picture, had still to go to Scotland for the finishing of its effects, and the comparison of its details with the actual facts of Nature.

As to what the picture is to represent, he tells his student in no hesitating language that "if he is to be a landscape painter worthy of the name, he must do more than merely select a pretty scene and sit down and paint it. He must study the *moods* of Nature. His picture must be *a moment of the day*, and should suggest peace or unrest, quiet or storm, joy or sadness, glory or gloom."

I would venture to say that no modern landscape painter feels the joy of colour more keenly than MacWhirter. Here again his principles are expounded by Ruskin. "The business of a painter is to paint. If he can colour, he is a painter, though he can do nothing else; if he cannot colour, he is no painter, though he may

* MacWhirter's "Hints to Students." † *Ibid.*

A Pencil Sketch in Switzerland.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

do everything else. But it is, in fact, impossible, if he can colour, but that he should be able to do more; for a faithful study of colour will always give power over form, though the most intense study of form will give no power over colour . . . . to colour well requires real talent and earnest study, and to colour perfectly is the rarest and most perfect power an artist can possess. Every other gift may be erroneously cultivated, but this will guide to all healthy, natural and possible truth; the student may be led into folly by philosophers, but he is always safe if he holds the hand of a colourist." * . . . "Of all God's gifts to the sight of man, colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay colour and sad colour, for colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive; the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most. . . . What we have seen of the use of colour by the poets will help to confirm this truth; but, perhaps I have not yet enough insisted on the simplest and readiest to hand of all proofs—the way, namely, God has employed colour in His creation as the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent, and most precious; while for things precious only in material uses, or dangerous, common colours are reserved. Consider for a

* "Modern Painters," iv., v. iii., § 24.

Edinburgh from Salisbury Crags.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

The Art Journal London, Virtue & Co.

Painted by J. Mac Whirter, R.A. Etched by R.W. Macbeth, R.A.

From the picture in the Collection of George McCulloch, Esq.

"Th' inceſſant roar of headlong tumbling floods."

Glen Affaric. N.B.

little while what sort of a world it would be if all flowers were grey, all leaves black, and the sky *brown*. Imagine that as completely as may be, and consider whether you would think the world any whit more sacred for being thus transfigured into the hues of the shadows of Raphael's Transfiguration. Then observe how constantly innocent things are bright in colour; look at a dove's neck, and compare it with the grey back of a viper. . . . Take a wider view of Nature, and compare generally rainbows, sunrises, roses, violets, butterflies, birds, gold-fish, rubies, opals and corals, with alligators, hippopotami, lions, wolves, bears, swine, sharks, slugs . . . . fogs, and corrupting, stinging, destroying things in general, and you will feel then how the question stands between the colourists and the chiaroscurists—which of them have Nature and life on their side, and which have sin and death. . . . All men, completely organised and justly tempered, enjoy colour; it is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight of the human heart; it is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and the eminent sign and seal of perfection in them; being associated with *life* in the human body, with *light* in the sky, with purity and hardness in the earth,—death, night, and pollution of all kinds being colourless." *

And so MacWhirter vindicates his own love of colour. "If Italy is the land of light, Scotland is certainly the land of colour. The grey olive, the vine, and the stone-pine and white walls of Italy require sunshine to show them to advantage; but Scotland has colour when there is no sun, and gloom and cloud often aid the beauty and grandeur of the Highland landscape. Millais compared Scottish colour to a wet pebble—he meant that the green mosses, the dark pine, the golden birch, the blue hills and the richness of the heather and bracken made such a glorious combination of rich juicy colour, that all other countries seemed dry by comparison." †

* "Modern Painters," iv., v. iii., §§ 23, 24.

Girgenti, Sicily.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

A Highland Washing.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

MacWhirter quotes two passages from Ruskin which illustrate his own enthusiasm for the colour of flowers and the colour of clouds.

"Under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there sprang up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of, among all the blessings of the earth. It was springtime, too, and all were coming forth in clusters, crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes, only to be nearer to each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the *mois de Marie*, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges, ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and ever and anon a blue gush of violets and cowslip-bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss." "This," says MacWhirter, "is a bit of excellent foreground painting—true in light and shadow, and sparkling in colour."

And this is the passage he quotes on the colour of clouds, a passage the spirit of which is breathed by many of his own pictures:—

"And then wait yet for one hour, until the East again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against

† "Landscape Painting in Water Colours," p. 56.

Spindrift.

By permission of the Trustees of the Royal Holloway College. *By J. MacWhirter, R.A.*

it in darkness—like waves in a wild sea—are drowned one by one in the glory of the burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; thus long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar smoke up to the heavens; the rose light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through the purple lines of lifted cloud; casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of all this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men." "Of course," adds MacWhirter, "Ruskin means Turner—the greatest of all the painters of light and colour in sky and clouds." But in insight into the vision MacWhirter also shares.

Palm Trees at Bordighera.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

It has been already said that he has always been a most diligent sketcher, and that his early studies were exceedingly minute. As years went on he naturally gave himself a freer hand, and we have rapid and telling illustrations of Glen Affaric, the fairy-like region rising out of the beautiful Strath-Glass in Inverness-shire; the birches of that glen which he has made famous; Loch Benevian, St. Mary's Loch, Constantinople, Santa Sophia, and impressions for larger pictures. Between 1863 and 1887 he furnished illustrations for new editions of several of the poets. "The Poetical Works of Beattie and Goldsmith" was illustrated by MacWhirter, Hay, and Vallance—MacWhirter confining himself to Beattie. "Poems for the Young," from Wordsworth, was illustrated by MacWhirter and Pettie; of these drawings MacWhirter did forty-two out of fifty. Edgar Allan Poe's "Poetical Works" was illustrated by MacWhirter and about six others. MacWhirter contributed four out of about twenty-seven, namely, "The Coliseum," "The Sleeper," "To the River," and "The Lake." He also worked on a volume of poems on Scotland called "Caledonia," selected from Scott, Burns, and Ramsay. He contributed two out of about thirty-two illustrations of the "Song of the Three Children" (*Benedicite omnia opera*), with a quotation from Daniel iii. 23 on the title-page;* as well as illustrations for "The Picturesque Mediterranean" and "The Land of Scott."

His etchings have also formed part of his success. THE ART JOURNAL has published 'By the Loch Side' (1882), and 'Stirling Castle' (1888). An etching by him with the title 'By Silver Streams where Throstles Call,' appeared in "The Abdication," by Scott Moncrieff.

* MacWhirter's subjects were: "O ye winds of God," and "O ye mountains and hills."

Papyrus Bushes on the Anapas, Syracuse.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

The following pictures are in public galleries:—The Tate has 'June in the Austrian Tyrol'; the Birmingham Corporation, 'Autumn in the Isle of Arran'; the Liverpool, 'There is a Silence in the Solemn Woods.' The Holloway College possesses 'Night' and 'Spindrift.' Burlington House has as his Diploma work, deposited on his election as Royal Academician, 'Nature's Archway' (p. 12).

Some of his more important pictures have already been mentioned. When we glance down the list of those that have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, what a noble record is presented of loyalty to Nature, insight into beauty, the joy of colour, lofty imagination, faithful work and happy achievements! To run over merely the names recalls many a delightful impression. They may be divided into seven classes:—I., *The Highland;* II., *The Generally Scottish;* III., *The Italian;* IV., *Pictures from other Countries;* V., *Domestic and Subject;* VI., *Trees;* VII., *Flowers.*

I. *The Highland.*—'Loch Coruisk: Isle of Skye'; 'Daybreak: A Wind came up out of the Sea'; 'Into the Depths of the Forest'; 'The Isle of Skye, Moonlight'; 'Night, most glorious Night'; 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood'; 'Spindrift'; 'The Source of a River'; 'A Valley of the Sea'; 'A Highland Solitude, Glencoe'; 'Mountain Tops'; 'Ossian's Grave'; 'Corrie, Isle of Arran'; 'The Windings of the Forth'; 'A Forest Solitude'; 'Loch Scavaig: Isle of Skye'; 'The Track of a Hurricane'; 'Iona'; 'Corrie Burn'; 'Winter Morning'; 'Autumn Evening'; 'Misty Gleams: Loch Hourn'; 'Shores of Iona'; 'Autumn'; 'A Glimpse of Loch Katrine: Autumn'; 'Home of the Trout'; 'A Highland Bay'; 'The Mainland from Arran'; 'Over the Sunlit Sea; 'A Highland Storm'; 'Subsiding Flood'; 'Fair Strathspey'; 'Twixt the Gloaming and the Mirk'; 'Glen Affaric'; 'Evening in the Forest: Guisachan'; 'Bonnie Scotland'; 'The Sleep that is Among the Lonely Hills'; 'Affaric Water: Looking up'; 'Affaric Water: Looking down'; 'Morning in the

Greek Theatre, Taormina.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Nature's Archway (Diploma Work).

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

Isle of Arran'; 'Dark Loch Coruisk'; 'The Silver Strand: Loch Katrine'; 'Over the Sea from Skye'; 'The Silence that is in the Solemn Woods'; 'The Rugged Hills of Skye': 'The Silent Night.'

II. *Landscapes generally Scottish.*—'Old Edinburgh: Night'; 'Desolate: the Fisherman's Haven'; 'Over the Border'; 'The Vanguard'; 'Edinburgh from Salisbury Crags'; 'Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel'; 'Edinburgh: the New Town'; 'Edinburgh: the Old Town.'

III. *Italian.*—'Temple of Vesta: Rome'; 'Summer Evening: Venice': 'A Rainy Day: Venice'; 'Arch of Titus and Coliseum: Rome'; 'Harbour of Genoa'; 'Mount Etna from the Greek Theatre: Taormina'; 'Florence from San Miniato: Evening': 'The Temple of Girgenti: Sicily'; 'Val d'Aosta'; 'Lake of Geneva from Chexbres'; 'Val Maggia: Locarno'; 'Lake of Geneva above Vevey.'

IV. *Landscapes from England and Other Countries.*—'Sunset Fires': 'The Home of the Grizzly Bear'; 'Constantinople and the Golden Horn from Eyoub'; 'Bolton Abbey and Woods'; 'In the Rhone Valley': 'Romantic Switzerland: Bignasco.'

V. *Domestic and Subject Pictures.*—'A Great While Ago the World Began' (a forlorn donkey by the sea); 'Out in the Cold' (a pathetic donkey locked out of its stable on a snowy night); 'Strayed Sheep'; 'A Highland Pastoral': 'Sunday in the Highlands'; 'A Highland Auction'; 'A Highland Harvest'; 'A Sermon by the Sea'; 'Otium cum Dignitate'; 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.' These pictures all show a strong and keen sense of humour and pathos which might have led the painter into the field so splendidly occupied by Wilkie had not pure landscape bound him with a stronger enchantment.

VI. *Trees.* In this branch of landscape it might almost be said that MacWhirter had taken out a patent, so complete and admirable is his sympathy with the glory and gracefulness of the kingdom of trees. Of tree-painting he writes as follows: "Claude Lorraine, Poussin and Turner landscape painters of the first rank—painted trees in a masterly way, and with great appreciation of their beauty; but the first two named rarely varied their type. Titian also, in his backgrounds, painted trees in a noble way; but Turner was the first who individualised. The tree on the left side of 'Crossing the Brook' is a true Scotch fir, and the bare branches in the 'Frosty Morning' are admirably drawn; the stone pines, olives, etc., in 'Childe Harold' and 'Bay of Baiæ' are very distinctly characterised. *But there is much room for new study in this direction.* The smooth grey of the beech stem, the silky texture of the birch, and the rugged pine and oak, etc., should all be carefully noted; *there is nothing in landscape art more fascinating than tree-drawing.*"

'The Lady of the Woods'; 'The Three Graces'; 'The Last Days of the Autumn'; 'The Lord of the Glen'; 'Il Penseroso'; 'Nature's Mirror'; 'The Three Witches': 'Birch Wood near the Sea'; 'Silver Birches'; 'The Fairy of the Glen'; 'Old Sherwood: Winter Evening'; 'Nature's Archway': 'Beauty and the Beast'; 'Golden October';

The Ghost's Walk.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

A Fallen Giant.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Purchased for the Municipal Art Gallery, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

'A Winter Fairy'; 'Crabbed Age and Youth'; 'A Monarch'; 'A Nameless Dell'; 'Golden Leaves'; 'A Fallen Giant'; 'The Three Kings, Sherwood'; 'A White Queen: Strathspey'; 'Scotch Firs, Rothiemurchus.

VII. *Flowers.* I have quoted already what Ruskin has said about flower-painting, and MacWhirter's own opinion of the inexhaustible charm of their beauty and brightness.

'Nemo me Impune Lacessit'; 'June, Where the Bee Sucks'; 'May'; 'Roses and Rabbits'; 'June in the Austrian Tyrol'; 'Quis Separabit? The Shamrock, The Rose, The Thistle'; 'Flowers on the Alps: Anemone and Gentian'; 'Alpine Meadows'; 'A Flowery Path: Switzerland in June.

May.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

CHAPTER III.

Inspirations from the Poets.

In speaking of different orders of poets, and insisting on the cultivation of those only who are highest and best, it has been truly said by Ruskin that "there are few thoughts likely to come across ordinary men, which have not already been expressed by greater men in the best possible way; and it is a wiser, more generous, and more noble thing to remember and point out the perfect words, than to invent poorer ones, wherewith to encumber temporarily the world."* "To remember and point out the perfect words"—painters have often felt this; and MacWhirter's interpretation of Nature is so akin to that of the higher class of poets, the creative and reflective, that it is perfectly natural to him to give the keynote to his pictures in the choice and pregnant phrases of those who have learnt to express the moods of Nature by clear, terse, suggestive words. His favourites are Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Chatterton, Burns, and Longfellow.

* "Modern Painters," iii. iv., note to ch. xii.

June: "Where the bee sucks."
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

I do not think Ruskin is right in limiting the sympathy of Shakespeare with Nature. He argues that Shakespeare was too great to think about it: "He could be allowed no mountains; nay, not any supreme natural beauty. He had to be left with his kingcups and clover, pansies, the passing clouds, the Avon's flow, and the undulating hills and woods of Warwick; nay, he was not to love even any of these in exceeding measure, lest it might make him in the least overrate their power upon the strong, full-fledged minds of men."† On the contrary, scattered throughout the plays are exquisite hints of landscape, absolutely sympathetic with Nature, and not unequal in insight to the creations of any other department of that mighty genius. MacWhirter has a collection of these passages, and employs them with effect. The song in "Twelfth Night,"

> "A great while ago the world began,
> With hey ho! the wind and the rain,"

with the well-known refrain, "For the rain it raineth every day," gives the keynote to the picture of the forlorn animal standing shelterless by the seashore in a storm, type of inevitable misery. The delightful song, "Where the bee sucks,"‡ sums up a lovely picture of June flowers—wild roses in a field with brambles and beehives. The Three Witches in "Macbeth" add point to a picture (Royal Academy, 1886) entitled also 'The Weird Sisters' (p. 16).

† "Modern Painters," iv., pt. v. ch. xx, §§ 28, 30.
‡ "Tempest," Act V., Scene I.

'Crabbed Age and Youth,' from "The Passionate Pilgrim," explains the contrast of the aged tree and its youthful companion in a Royal Academy picture of 1899 (p. 28).

Longfellow's description of Morning gives the meaning of one of his most subtle pictures, 'Daybreak' (1870):—

"A wind came up out of the sea
And said, 'O mists make room for me.'
It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail on
Ye mariners, the night is gone!'
And hurried landward, far away,
Crying, 'Awake! it is the day!'
* * * * * *
It crossed the graveyard with a sigh,
And said, 'Not yet! *In quiet lie.*'"

Milton's marvellous delineation of Moonrise is the theme of one of the pictures of 1903, 'The Silent Night':—

". . . . . Till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty at length—
Apparent queen—unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the night her silver mantle threw."

The gladsomeness of early morning among the hills could hardly be more exquisitely suggested than by the lines appended to 'Mountain-tops' (1881):—

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops."

And again Poet and Painter are at one in the picture of 'The Isle of Skye' of 1872, and the beautiful lines of Scott:—

"The evening mists with ceaseless change
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare."

Both give their version of the wonderful harmonies of Nature, the tenderness of atmospheric effects on the ruggedness of majestic dignity, the suggestion of the mitigation of awfulness by partial veiling, and sympathetic ministrations.

Golden Leaves.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

The misery of unconcealed dreariness and untempered sorrow are portrayed in the two great pictures of Loch Coruisk, at an interval of thirty years (1869 and 1899); and both are aptly characterised by Scott:—

"But here, above, around, below,
On mountain, or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power
The weary eye may ken;
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone." *

A kindred note of passion for aloof loneliness, which sometimes is a characteristic of human nature, is struck by the picture 'Ossian's Grave' in 1882, and from the quotation from Ossian's poems:—

"By the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep.
The winds whistling in my grey hair shall not awaken me.
Depart on thy wings, O wind!
Thou canst not disturb the rest of the Bard."

Burns and the painter meet again in the sense of fascination that is given by the idea of the weird, Titanic power that is always behind even the gentlest smiles of earth: the 'Highland Storm' of 1893 is fittingly accompanied by the strong line,

"Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast."

One of the loveliest scenes in Scotland is given in 'The Silver Strand: Loch Katrine' (1899); and is emphasised by one of the most beautiful touches in Scott's prolific imagery:—

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream." †

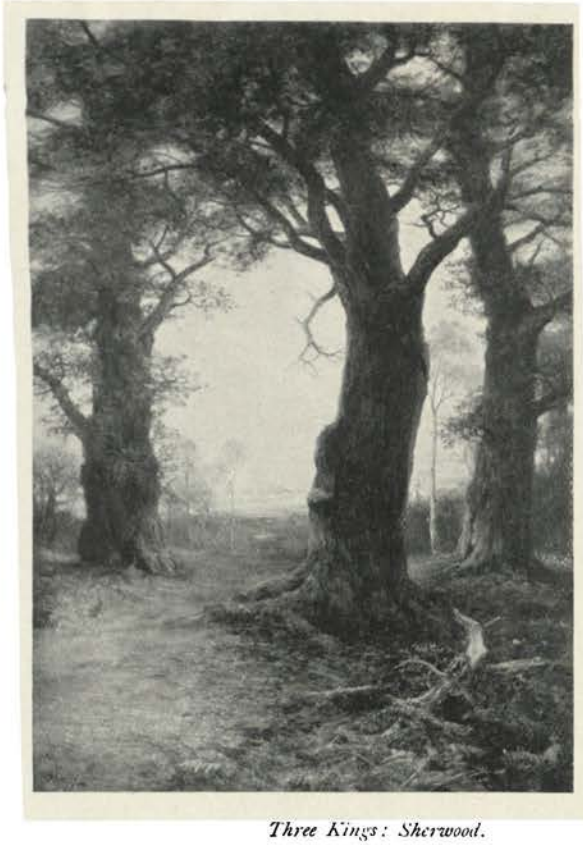
When you look at the painter's delineations of Edinburgh, the most picturesque of all cities, your appreciation of its consolidated strength and noble outline is quickened by Scott's vigorous description, which is the motto of 'Edinburgh, from the Salisbury Crags' in 1887:—

Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
Piled deep and massy, close and high
Mine own romantic town; ‡

* "Lord of the Isles."

† "Lady of the Lake."

‡ "Marmion."



Three Kings: Sherwood.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

or by the parallel lines which characterise 'Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel' in 1888:—

> . . . . When looking forth
> I view the Empress of the North,
> Set on her hilly throne.

Few can have seen the capital of the Northern kingdom without being struck by the quality of *queenliness* which she presents.

THE ART JOURNAL of 1865, in speaking of MacWhirter's work that year at the Royal Scottish Academy, says:—"No artist can represent the heather bell, the daisy, or the little gems of the Alpine Flora with such artistic grace as he; and he has given the widest scope to this fancy in his large picture of 'The Exile's Garden,' in which he has placed on canvas that wonderful specimen of word-painting, the deserted garden in Hood's 'Haunted House.'"

I may close these notes on sympathy between Poet and Painter by one or two of MacWhirter's quotations on the life and beauty of trees. Here we may go back as far as Homer. Ruskin has remarked that "Homer seems to have attached a pleasant idea, for the most part, to forests: regarding them as sources of wealth and places of shelter; and we find constantly an idea of sacredness attached to them, as being haunted especially by the gods, . . . and so the wood is evidently regarded with great affection by Sophocles, for in a passage which is always regarded by readers of Greek tragedy with peculiar pleasure, the aged and blind Œdipus, brought to rest "in the sweetest resting-place" in all the neighbourhood of Athens, has the spot described to him as haunted perpetually by nightingales, which sing "in the green glades and in the dark ivy, and in the thousand-fruited, sunless and windless thickets of the god." . . . After this come the usual staples of landscape—narcissus, crocus, plenty-of-rain, olive-trees."

It is not so much the shelter of the woods that enchants people in our milder climate in the North, as their joyousness, freshness, beauty and mystery. "The merry greenwood" is a common expression in ballads and the older poets. From one of them MacWhirter quotes the idea of the exceeding gaiety of blossoming trees in spring (1880, 'May'):—

> "There saw I eke the fresh hawthorne
> In white motley that so sweet doth smell."

And at the other end of the leafy season there is for us the same sense of the glory of colour; for his picture 'Autumn' (1889) he takes the congenial and most expressive line of Chatterton:—

> "With his gold hand gilting the falling leaf."

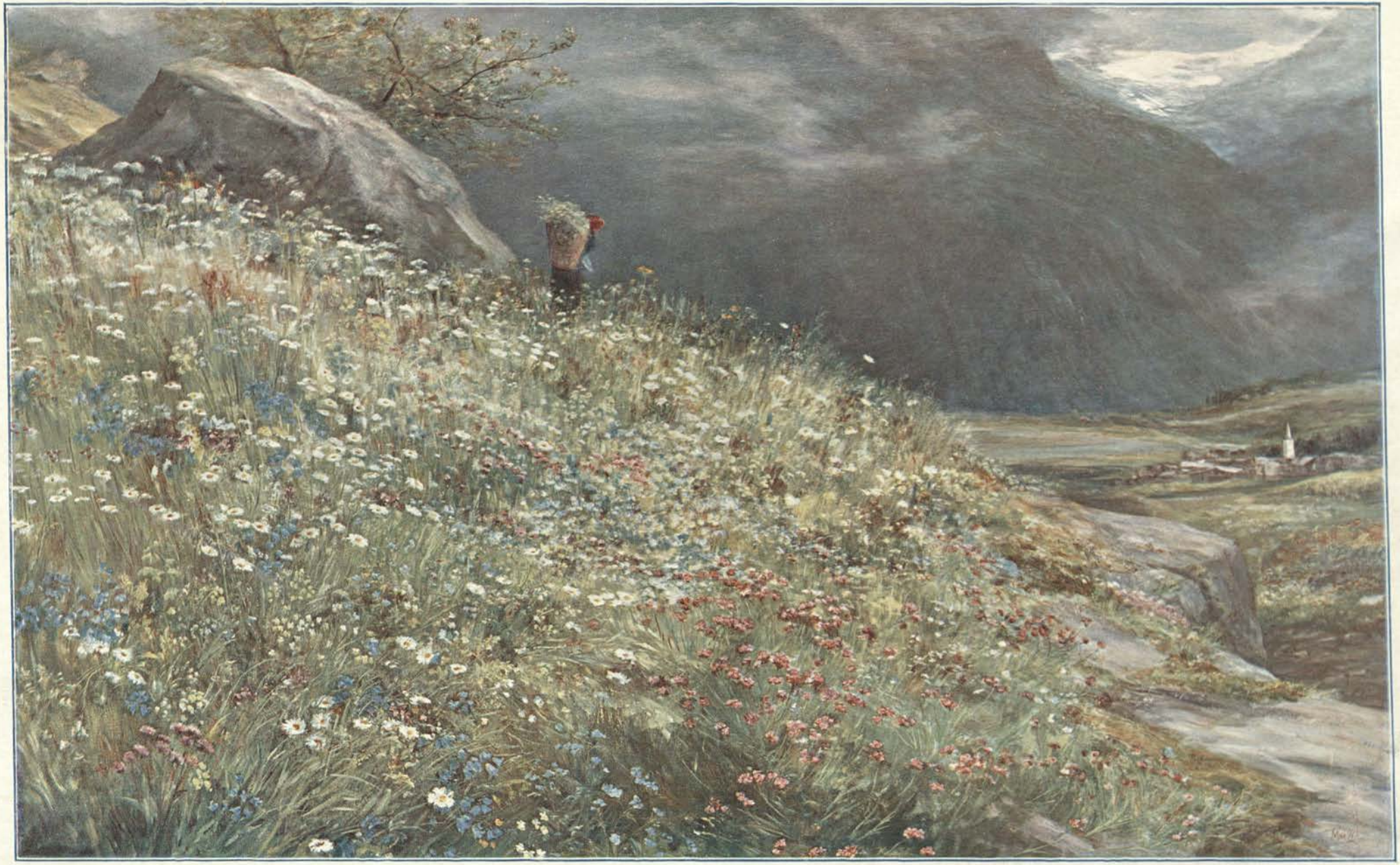
There is another aspect of trees which impresses MacWhirter, and must be common to all who love woodlands, and that is the sublime majesty of an ancient oak or fir, which for centuries has been weathering storm and blast, and still looks out upon the world in calm strength, type of a venerable and long-tried institution, or of a strong, vigorous life that has seen stress and combat. So the painter thinks of the 'Three Kings: Sherwood'; and the poet gives him kindred words:—

> "The monarch oak, sole king of forests all."

Painter and poet live in a happy dreamland; but the dream is of truth and beauty, with glimpses of insight into the secret thought of the Creation. So Emerson writes: "The Masters painted for joy, and knew not that virtue had gone out of them; they could not paint the like in cold blood. The Masters of English Lyric wrote their songs so; it was a fine efflorence of fine powers."

The Weird Sisters.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



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AN ALPINE MEADOW.

By J. MacWHIRTER, R.A.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRTH — EDUCATION — EARLY INFLUENCES — ARTISTIC TRAINING—STUDIES—MIGRATION TO LONDON.

JOHN MACWHIRTER was born on March 27th, 1839, at Slateford, near Edinburgh. His father was Mr. George MacWhirter, paper manufacturer, of Colinton, Edinburgh, a descendant of an old stock settled in Ayrshire (one of the five Ayrshire martyrs, whose monument stands between Ayr and Maybole, bore the same name), who was himself a skilful draughtsman, a botanist, geologist, and an enthusiastic lover of Nature. John's maternal uncles were great travellers, the most distinguished being the late Major Gordon Laing, who was murdered by natives, after penetrating into the interior of Africa in an attempt to discover the source of the Niger. Heredity is always interesting. From his father the painter inherited a taste for Art and natural objects; from his mother's family a love of travel, which he has used for the purposes of his work.

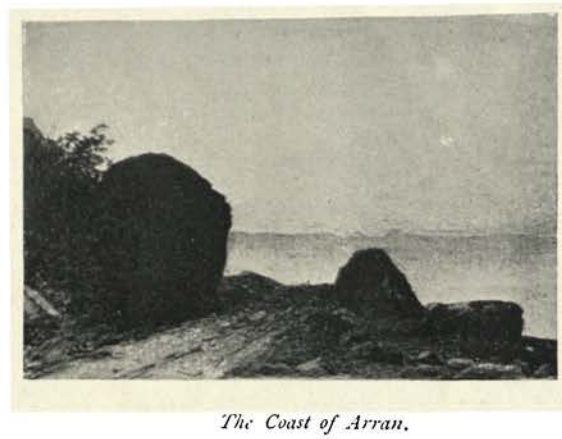
It was the intention of Mr. George MacWhirter to put his son into business. John was thirteen years old when

Canal at Bruges.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

his father died, and thereupon left his school at Peebles. He had already made a telling sketch of Neidpath Castle. The schoolmaster was a distant relation by marriage, and took the lad to Edinburgh to be interviewed by Oliver and Boyd, the well-known booksellers in Princes Street, with a view to an engagement. One of the partners said: "He looks an intelligent boy, though under the usual age. Try him." So he was bound apprentice for five years. He may have been an intelligent boy, but he turned out a bad bookseller. Not to put too fine a point upon it, after six months he bolted. A painter he would be, and his confidence in himself was justified, for he began to exhibit at the Royal Scottish Academy when only fourteen years of age.

He at once entered the Art Schools, known as those of the Board of Manufactures, where so many of the Scots artists have studied successfully. The Antique and the Life Schools were at that time under the superintendence respectively of Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., and John Ballantine. Among MacWhirter's fellow-students were John Hutchison, the sculptor (now Treasurer of the Royal Scottish Academy), who was the most intimate of his companions, John Pettie, W. Q. Orchardson, Peter Graham, William MacTaggart,



The Coast of Arran.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

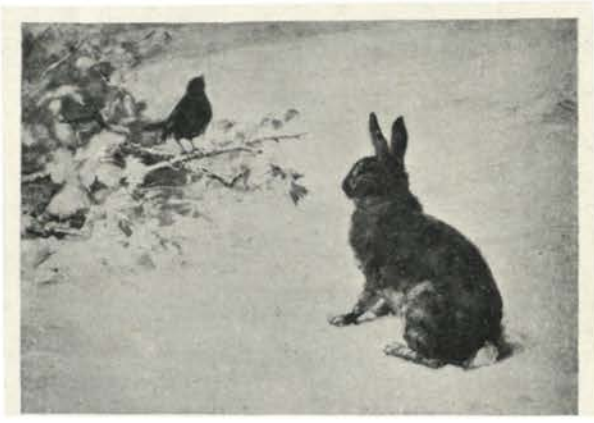
Hugh Cameron, and others. Lauder himself was an eminent painter of figures and subjects. MacWhirter speaks of him as a fine, ideal, dreamy sort of man. It has been rightly said that "the Lauder method was not scholastic, but educative. He made no attempt to impress himself upon his pupils, to fetter them by rules, and move them into uniformity by the enforcement of mechanical methods. He took them as he found them, however fashioned and endowed, and directed his efforts to the development of such gifts as they possessed. He encouraged them in the search for means and ways of self-expression. . . . Standing amongst Lauder's pupils, one feels how little in Art can be lent that is worth borrowing, and that which is worthy of imitation is inimitable. Better, probably, than his own fast-fading works, his students keep the Master's memory green, and mark the most brilliant period in the history of his own decadent school. Such a body of gifted men—men of all degrees of talent and genius—clustering round one Master is a rare phenomenon. That they have immeasurably enriched British Art cannot be gainsaid. That their coming in a group marks an epoch in the progress of Scots Art goes without saying. Of wider interest and deeper significance is the part they have played in conferring something of a distinctive character upon the British Art of the Victorian era. Amongst them, however, is a resting-place from the battles of the schools, and a starting-place for later endeavour."

The same writer,* in appraising Lauder and his pupils,

* Edward Pinnington, in THE ART JOURNAL.

On the Neckar, near Heidelberg.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



A Winter Song.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

speaks thus of MacWhirter (he has just been characterising Pettie):—

"With MacWhirter we enter upon a new train of ideas. He is the travelled and versatile student of Nature. He paints everything pertaining to the life of the world (*i.e.*, the earthly creation), from wild flowers to the grace of the silvery birch and sweet-smelling hawthorn. With the nonchalance of courage and energy he seeks the snowy pass, in which he plants his 'Vanguard,' and the rocky solitude over which the riven and storm-scarred 'Monarch of the Glen' presides. He oscillates between simple beauty and vasty grandeur, between realistic truth and suggestions of the ideal. His 'Sermon by the Sea' is of the order of paintings which tempt us to read into them more than the artist thought. The painted scene becomes an allegory. The real sermon is more eloquent than pastoral homily . . . . . While portraying the form of Nature MacWhirter makes us conscious of another life, of another and commanding Presence: and landscape art goes no higher than when it takes us out into the open, and asks,

'Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?'"*

From early boyhood MacWhirter never relaxed in his close and reverent devotion to Nature. From the age of fourteen, when he made his choice for life, he studied her moods and methods with constant and patient faithfulness. Every day he would go out in the morning, with perhaps only a penny roll in his pocket, and sit beside the bed of a river, or before a bramble bush or birch-tree, and work out the beauty of detail and master all the variety of flower and tree growth. This beauty has given him constantly new inspiration. In his boyhood it was the beauty of flowers and trees that he recognised, and in his mature years, whilst reproducing scenes of sublimity, grandeur, and splendour on a wider scale, he has gone back also to his early love in the painting of flower-fields and birch-trees.

About the age of fifteen he paid a visit to the Isle of Skye, having only £3 in his pocket, with the object of making sketches there; but he found the material to be beyond his young and undeveloped powers. About this time he began exhibiting at the Royal Scottish Academy, being probably the youngest exhibitor in years of all his contemporaries. His first R.S.A. pictures were 'Old Cottage at Braid' (1854) and 'On the Water of Leith' (1855). He began travelling early, and is still a wanderer, as full of enthusiasm as ever in finding out new spots for

Roses and Rabbits.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

painting, and in revisiting old and favourite places after the long lapse of years. After the period of work in town, he finds each time in the first glimpse of the Alps, or of the Italian lakes, or of old-world towns, or of backwoods and highlands generally, the fresh renewal of the joyous feeling of youth. His first glimpse of the Continent was when he was sixteen years old. He wandered with a friend through the antique German towns, the Tyrol, and the Salzkammergut. The result of this tour was the exhibition of a picture of the Gossau-see at the Royal Scottish Academy, which was purchased by the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, a body no longer in existence.

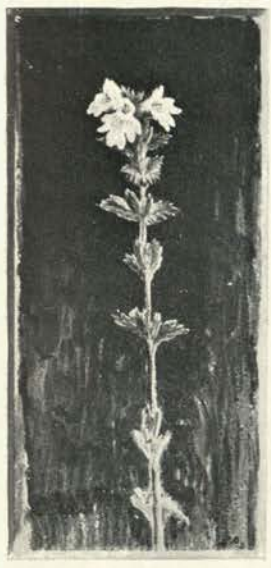
Since that early expedition, MacWhirter has journeyed on the Continent every year; and few men have maintained throughout life a greater enthusiasm for travel. In one of these early years he spent six months in Rome in company with Hutchison the sculptor, each working at his own special art. MacWhirter occupied his time in the Campagna, and among the ruins, and painted several elaborate pictures—among others, the Coliseum seen through the Arch of Titus, and a small picture of the Temple of Vesta (which was his first exhibit at the Royal Academy). In other years he has

* Tennyson, "The Higher Pantheism."

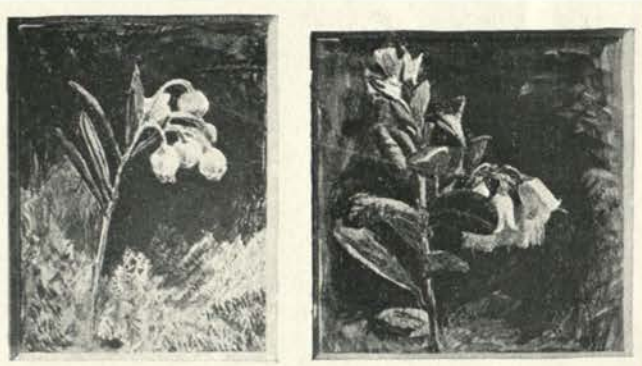
The Blackbird's Song.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

visited Sicily twice, Constantinople, Norway, Switzerland. Across the Atlantic he has painted a picture of the Golden Gate at San Francisco, and has seen and sketched the great trees of the Yosemite Valley.

What were the influences in the early days that had the most lasting effect upon him? The study under Lauder consisted mainly of drawing from the antique and life, and though all the while he felt himself a landscape painter, he never regretted going through this careful training. All the while he was in Lauder's school he never missed a day from January to December in painting about the Water of Leith, near which he was born, or on the Pentland Hills. The main result of Lauder's teaching was thoroughness in work and dependence on individuality. Another influence was that of Horatio MacCulloch (he lived from 1805 to 1867). He did not know him personally, only enough for recognition in the street. A stronger influence was that of Millais (born 1829, died 1896), who at this time was producing his exquisite black and white illustrations for *Good Words* and other publications; (I can remember what fascination they had for me when I was a boy;) and Millais constantly contributed pictures to the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibitions, for which the young artists of the day looked eagerly, each year, in expectation of instruction and the inspiring note of genius; Ruskin and Turner, it need hardly be added, were also in his mind.



A Ruskin Sketch.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



Ruskin Sketches.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

In 1867, when only twenty-eight years old, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. This, to so young a man, was the greatest possible encouragement, and the highest available distinction. That year he had exhibited seven pictures, six of which were views of Rome and its neighbourhood. The impression they made at the time on the critic of THE ART JOURNAL was as follows :—"Among

June in the Austrian Tyrol (*Chantrey Fund purchase*).
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

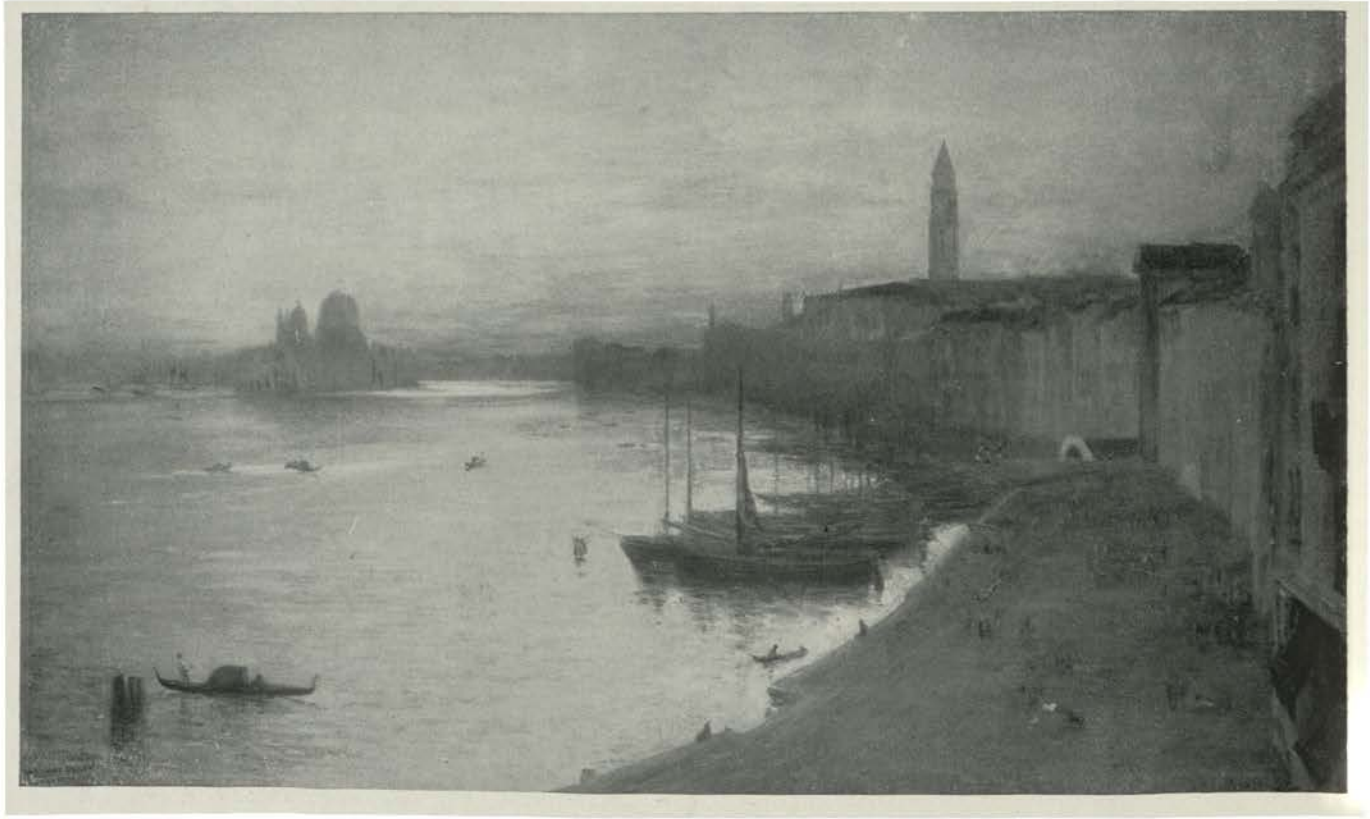
the most promising artists of the Scottish School .... is Mr. John MacWhirter. The young painter has drawn his inspirations not only from the beautiful scenery of his own country, but also from the wild, romantic, and almost weird landscape of Norway; and he has wisely studied in Rome, where it is impossible to fail in getting information and improvement in the technical details of his art. His pictures of the 'Arch of Titus' and of 'The Campagna' deservedly excite much attention, but it is in his remarkable power to delineate woodland and rocky scenery that his talent is most conspicuous. In a small picture—'The Barberini Pine: Rome, Sunset'—his wonderful talent for tree-painting is unmistakably shown; but not to the same extent as in his 'Old Mill in Norway,' where so true are the trees, shrubs and flowers, that they would satisfy the botanist, while at the same time they are all that Art can wish. Mr. MacWhirter feels and expresses the genius of each tree, but he makes no effort to give its microscopic details; he is essentially an artist, and not a copyist."

Lyle Akin, Skye.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

In 1865, his first picture was hung at the Royal Academy in London: it was 'The Temple of Vesta: Rome,' and was sent from Edinburgh. His second Royal Academy picture was in 1868, the last year that the Annual Exhibition was held in Trafalgar Square. It was 'Old Edinburgh Night.' The view was from George the Fourth Bridge. When painting it, he had in mind the strong and pathetic description by Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus," and thought that Carlyle might have been looking at that very scene. An Edinburgh address, and one in Kentish Town, London, were given in the catalogue of that year; at every subsequent exhibition MacWhirter's pictures have been hung.

Meantime the diligent accumulation of materials by sketching continued. These have been arranged in scrap-books, of which the painter possesses a large number. The contents are indexed under such headings as these: Animals, Anchors, Boats, Birds' Nests, Bridges, Castles, Cottages, Churches, Flowers, Foreign Towns, Gateways, Graveyards, Harvest-fields, Mountains, Moonlight Scenes, Market-places, Meadows, Rainbows, Sea, Sky, Shells, Shrines, Spray, Snow, Stained Glass, Sundials, Trees, Waterfalls, Windmills.

About 1869 the painter himself followed his pictures from Edinburgh to London, where he has since lived. By this time he felt he had strength enough to deal with the superb scenery of the Isle of Skye, from which in earlier years he had shrunk; in 1869 he sent to the Royal



Venice.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

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Constantinople ana the Golden Horn.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Lake of Como.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Academy a large landscape, 'Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye,' where—

> All is rocks at random thrown,
> Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone.*

It was characterised in THE ART JOURNAL as "one of the grandest landscapes of the year." Besides Scott's famous verses, that weird scene, glorious in gloominess, is vividly described in Black's "Daughter of Heth."

The picture of 1870 was called 'Daybreak,' and the subject was suggested by Longfellow's exquisite song—

> A wind came up out of the sea
> And said, O mist make room for me.

It was a beautiful ideal, and THE ART JOURNAL noted that it was poetically treated, and showed some fine passages, especially the leading motive—the movement of the stormy clouds as they clear away before the rising wind, and "cross the graveyard with a sigh."

* Scott.

It was about this time that MacWhirter's first contact with Ruskin took place, to which allusion has been made before. When on the tour in Norway he had painted a number of water-colour drawings of wild flowers, some of which still hang on the walls of Mrs. MacWhirter's drawing room. Mr. E. Fox White, fine art dealer and art publisher, borrowed the scrap-book containing these studies, which are striking evidence of the painter's extraordinarily careful and sympathetic attention to details of Nature. Ruskin was then living at Denmark Hill, and there Mr. Fox took them; but the great critic could not see them at the time. Mr. Fox left them, and soon afterwards some correspondence passed, expressing the Professor's enthusiastic appreciation: "I must state how much I am obliged to you for forcing me to see this wonderful work. I have never seen anything like it." (He compared it with the work of Albert Dürer.) "Could you interview the artist and see if he will allow me to take this book of studies to Oxford to show the students what foreground study should be?" So they went to Oxford. Of these Norway flower sketches Noël Paton secured two, some of them remained with the painter (and are reproduced on p. 19), the others Ruskin bought, and at present they are in a glass case in the Oxford School of Art. Strange to say, however, MacWhirter never had any direct communication with Ruskin. For some years he went every spring to Switzerland to paint the field flowers in the high places. His picture, 'June in the Austrian Tyrol' (p. 19), which was bought by the Chantrey Fund, was painted from sketches made at Gosau, where he had travelled as a boy.

Every year now MacWhirter's pictures attracted appreciative attention. In 1871 there were two one 'The Depths of the Forest,' where a horseman is riding into the gloom of the pines, which was placed very near Millais' famous 'Chill October.' In 1872 there was a large canvas, 'The Isle of Skye,' of which THE ART JOURNAL said that it was "a grand, daring, and powerful composition, most suggestive as a piece of romantic painting, where one saw 'the evening mists with ceaseless change' rolling over and

Near Menaggio: Lake of Como.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Val d'Aosta.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

beneath the range of lofty mountains, now almost hiding them, and now 'leaving their foreheads bare'—a noble landscape. It had for a companion 'Moonlight,' a scene painted with much tenderness of feeling."

In this same year MacWhirter added greatly to his permanent happiness for life by a fortunate marriage with Miss Catherine Menzies, daughter of Professor Menzies, of the University of Edinburgh, who has shared his career with the most complete sympathy, and been the companion alike of travel and work. It should here be mentioned that the painter's sister, Agnes MacWhirter, was an admirable painter of still life, and exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Royal Scottish Academy. Her first R.A. picture was hung in 1870, and came from the same address as her brother's. Delicate health, however, prevented her from taking a prominent place as a water-colour painter. The daughter of MacWhirter (whose portrait by Alma-Tadema was at the New Gallery in 1890) is married to Charles Sims, a young artist whose work is often shown at the Royal Academy and elsewhere.

Lake of Como.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Interesting pictures followed. Individual notice of all of them would be beyond the limits of this sketch, but what was said in these earlier years of London life is important in showing the painter's growth. In 1873 there were two pictures, 'Desolate' and 'The Fisherman's Haven.' "The latter, a large canvas, showed some fishing-boats, as they made for the harbour, passing a coast on which stood a church in the midst of a churchyard. Possibly the artist intended by this introduction to point indirectly to the latter as the 'haven' of rest when the fisherman's life-work was done." * The two works of 1874 were specially mentioned by THE ART JOURNAL, one of them particularly "from the appeal that it made to the feelings of ordinary humanity. A miserable-looking donkey stands 'Out in the Cold'—the title—at the doorway of a ruined hut, possibly intended for his stable, but which he

* THE ART JOURNAL.

Highland Cattle.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

The Vanguard.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.
From the Etching by C. D. Murray.
By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne.

cannot enter, for the rickety door has been closed by the wind, and the drifting snow has blocked it up, and the poor, disconsolate, patient animal looks wistfully and ruefully at his accustomed place of refuge from the inclement weather. . . . The colour is admirably treated, and the sense of complete isolation given by the outline of the animal against the bland background of deep snow is well marked" (p. 26).

In 1875 there were three. The first had for its title the motto of the Order of the Thistle, "Nemo me impune lacessit," in allusion to the national emblem, "of which numerous specimens appear in the picture, mingled with creeping brambles, dog-roses, and other wild shrubs of spontaneous growth in forest brake and glade; and amongst this mass of uncultivated productions of Nature are beautiful specimens of butterflies disporting. The picture is full of that detail which may be designated as the artist's 'early love.'" . . . . "The last of the three was a grand landscape, about seven feet wide—a scene on the River Tummell—bearing as its title—

'Land of the mountain and the flood.

. . . . At the base of a range of cloud-capped mountains a river, of comparatively narrow width in its ordinary condition, has by some vast accession of waters widened itself till it has overflowed the banks, and is now rushing tumultuously, and foaming itself white with rage over the huge boulders which strive in vain to impede its progress, while producing no other result than to create numerous lesser cataracts, that help to give force and picturesque grandeur to the scene—one not often presented on canvas with such power of truth."

In 1876 was welcomed the first of the series of birch-trees, 'The Lady of the Woods,' "truly ladylike in form and carriage, rearing her tender branches with golden leaves against the blue sky. All the background is painted in beautiful harmony and keeping—a delicious scene, most suggestive of quietude and repose, with all its details most conscientiously presented."

Ossian's Grave.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Such work as this, so welcome and so notable, was sure to have a speedy reward; and in 1879 MacWhirter was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Next year his old friends in Edinburgh conferred on him the distinction of Honorary Membership of the Royal Scottish Academy. He remained A.R.A. fourteen years, and became R.A. in 1893, being elected together with Henry Woods and Henry Moore, the popular sea-painter, who died in 1895. The three vacancies were created by the deaths of Thomas Woolner the sculptor, and John Pettie the subject painter; and by the retirement of Thomas Faed, who died seven years afterwards, in 1900. On the same occasion J. W. North was elected an Associate in place of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who resigned.

So the years went on, crowned with success and popularity, producing each

MISTY GLEAMS, LOCH HOURN.

By J. MacWHIRTER, R.A.

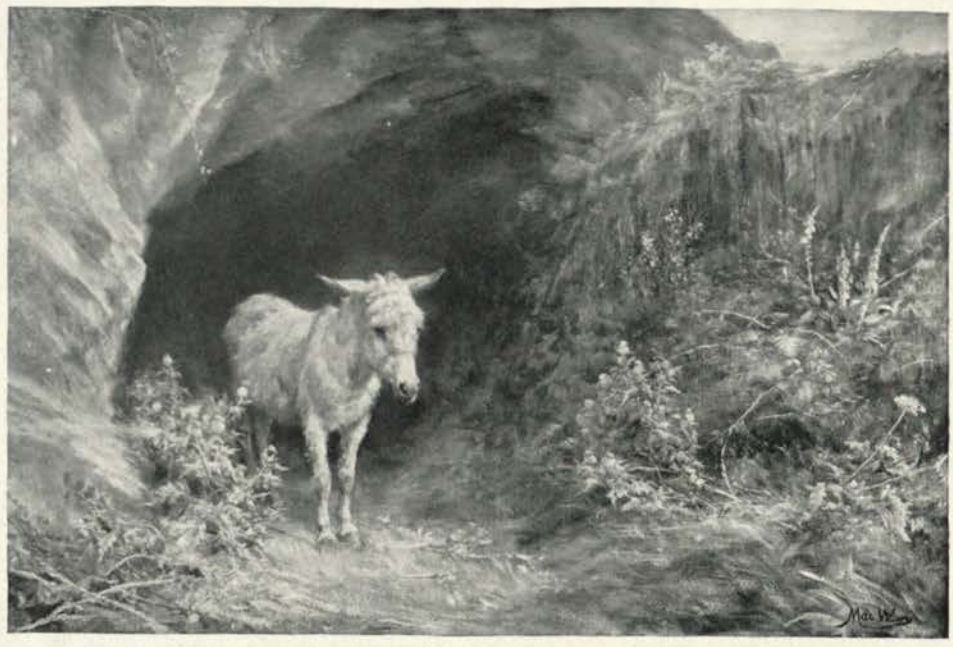
its own variety of admirable and beautiful work. Almost the only two transcripts he made from English scenery were 'Sunset Fires' and 'Nature's Mirror,' both in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1883, and both painted on the Royal Common in Surrey. The contributions of each year will be seen in the chronological list in the appendix, and besides illustrating the quiet fruitful life and the mind constantly replenished at Nature's noblest fountains, will bring back many a familiar friend of former days, which had inevitably impressed itself on the memory, and had helped to give the particular Exhibition its special character and distinction.

The Wind and the Rain.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

In 1900 he wrote for Messrs. Cassell an excellent Manual on Landscape Painting in Water-Colours, from which several extracts have been made in this sketch: one of a series on Practical Art. As to his friends, besides the artist comrades of his youth (Orchardson, b. 1835, Peter Graham, b. 1836, Pettie, b. 1839, Hutchison, MacTaggart, etc.), and the Royal Academicians and Associates since his election, MacWhirter has been on intimate terms with William Black, Sir Walter Besant, George Macdonald, Bret Harte, and most of the novelists of the time. He never met Robert Louis Stevenson, who was eleven years his junior, and lived mostly abroad. There was a strong artistic affinity in early days between MacWhirter and Peter Graham; and it is curious that MacWhirter began by painting cattle, Graham trees. Each in maturity has adopted the other line.

A Pinewood by the Sea.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.
From the Etching by Francis Walker.
By permission of Mr. Thos. McLean.

A Glimpse of Loch Katrine.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.
From the Etching by David Law.
By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell.



Otium cum Dignitate.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.

Some years ago Mr. Flockhart, F.R.I.B.A., built for Mr. MacWhirter a beautiful house at 1, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood (the principal quarter of artists in London), in the style of the Italian Renaissance, with lofty, spacious studio and pleasant rooms. It is immediately opposite the memorial to Onslow Ford, R.A., the sculptor. In the small library at the entrance to the studio are portraits of his chief friends—Orchardson, Pettie, Sir Noël Paton, Sir George Reid, Peter Graham, T. Graham, Farquharson, Calderon, W. E. Lockhart, Alfred Gilbert, etc. The men of the past whom he most admires are over the mantelpiece in the studio itself: Burns in the middle, with Leighton and Martineau on one side, Turner and Carlyle on the other. Here he dispenses a most genial and kindly hospitality, especially the annual dinner to show the pictures of the year to a select circle of private friends.

There are three good portraits of himself; one by John Pettie, R.A., about 1870; another by Wolfram O. Ford, exhibited at the R.A. in 1901; the third by Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., in 1902.

CHAPTER V.

Conclusion.

I HAVE endeavoured in the previous chapters to give some account of the life, work, ideals, and surroundings of a genuine and enthusiastic painter of landscape, in whom a multitude of lovers of Nature and students of art take a keen and sustained interest. I have not been asked to criticise his pictures or to explain his technique, and I have not attempted to do so; that would need a scientific knowledge to which nothing but professional experience could warrant a claim. There are also things that can be said in appreciation of a man who has gone to his rest which cannot well be uttered while he is living and working in full vigour amongst us. But it has been a privilege to me to do what I have aimed at, because it seems to me foolish and wrong not to express our indebtedness to genius until it can no longer hear the willing voice of admiration. Here again Ruskin gives us the right note: "Let us not forget that if honour be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. . . . The lesson which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations. . . . Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has tuned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."* THE ART JOURNAL has not been remiss in this respect; it has produced monographs during lifetime on Leighton, Millais, Alma-Tadema, Meissonier, Hook, Rosa Bonheur, Birket Foster, Briton Riviere, Von Herkomer, Holman Hunt, Burne-

* "Modern Painters" I., sec. i., ch. i., §5.

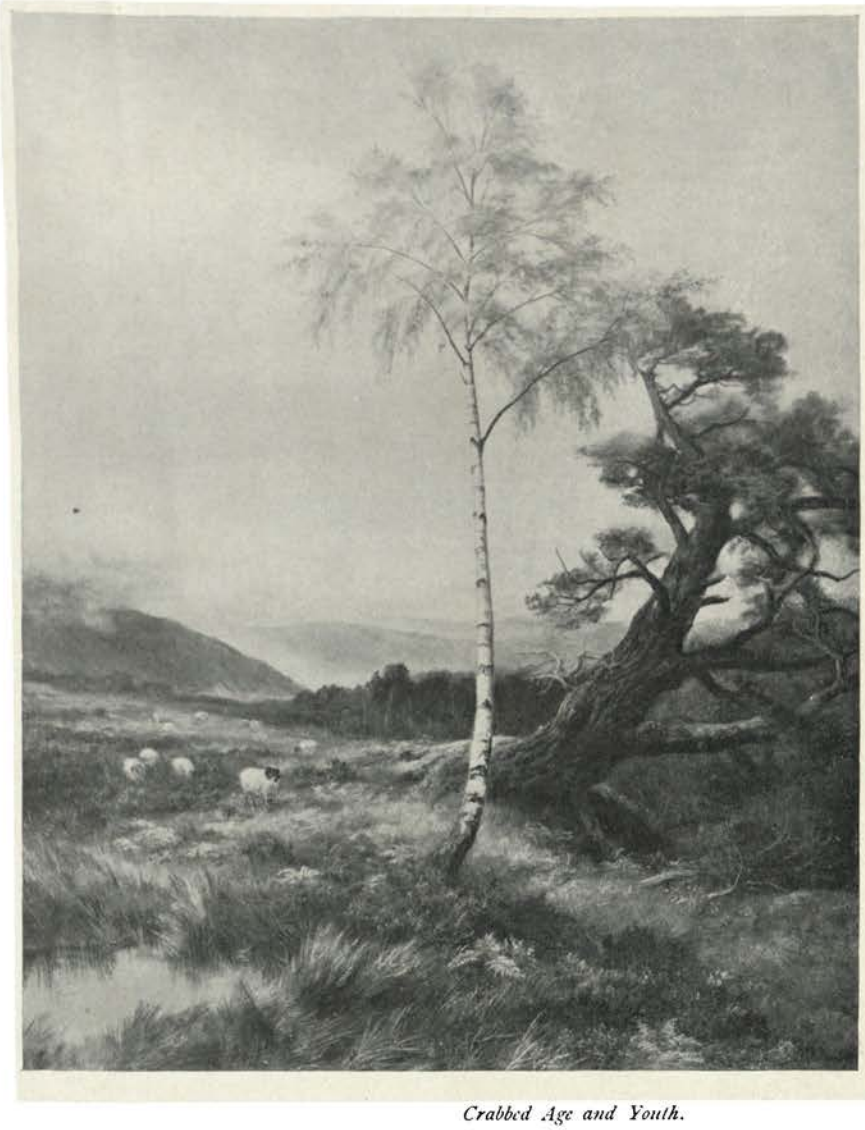
Out in the Cold.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of Merton Russell Coles, Esq., East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

A Flowery Path.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



Crabbed Age and Youth.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

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Jones, Fildes, Watts, Stone, Poynter, Orchardson, Crane, Lady Butler, William Morris, Peter Graham, Tenniel, Leader, Rossetti, W. Richmond, and Alfred Gilbert. To know more of the thoughtful idealist in landscape and devout student of Nature who is the subject of this sketch, to be reminded of his many-sided work, and to recall the delight which he has given in the years gone by, will, I am confident, be a welcome opportunity to all who value living British art.

We leave him in his pleasant, spacious home among the gardens of north-west London, a vigorous and kindly Scot, an enthusiastic supporter of Scottish traditions and institutions, happy in his domestic life, surrounded with friends, blessed with an even temper, cheerfulness, and good health, and producing year by year admirable and characteristic additions to the long gallery of past achievements. I am not going to sum him up: but I think in addition to the idealism and variety of sympathy, of which I have already spoken, I should say that two of the leading notes in his work are truthfulness of colour and unflagging industry. His veracity of tone can hardly, perhaps, be fully gauged by those who do not know the Highlands, Italy, or the Swiss uplands; but I would only instance the warm purple blue of the Cuchullin mountains in the Skye picture of this year (1903). To one who had no experience of that glorious scenery it might seem exaggerated; but the truth is that there is a peculiar richness about the colouring of that chain, standing as it does in an atmosphere perpetually washed by rain, and between two seas toned in deep hues, which is hard to match in other parts of the North. And as to industry, it is essential to greatness in painting, as in other kinds of eminence. "If we were to be asked abruptly," says Ruskin, "and required to answer briefly, what qualities chiefly distinguish great artists from feeble, we should answer, I suppose—first, their sensibility and tenderness; secondly, their imagination; and thirdly, their industry. Some of us might, perhaps, doubt the justice of attaching so much importance to this last character, because we have all known clever men who were indolent, and dull men who were industrious. But though you may have known clever men who were indolent, you never knew a *great* man who was so; and during such investigation as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application, as the fact and law that they are all great workers: nothing concerning them is matter of more astonishment than the quantity they have accomplished in the given length of their life; and when I hear a young man spoken of as giving high promise of genius, the first question I ask about him is always—Does he work?"* From the days of diligent sketching in boyhood to the present hour, MacWhirter has both by precept and example encouraged, to the very utmost of his power, honest, strenuous work. And in the honoured and permanent place which he holds amongst British landscape painters he has a great reward. Long may he continue his high calling of presenting Nature in her most charming as well as her most impressive forms!

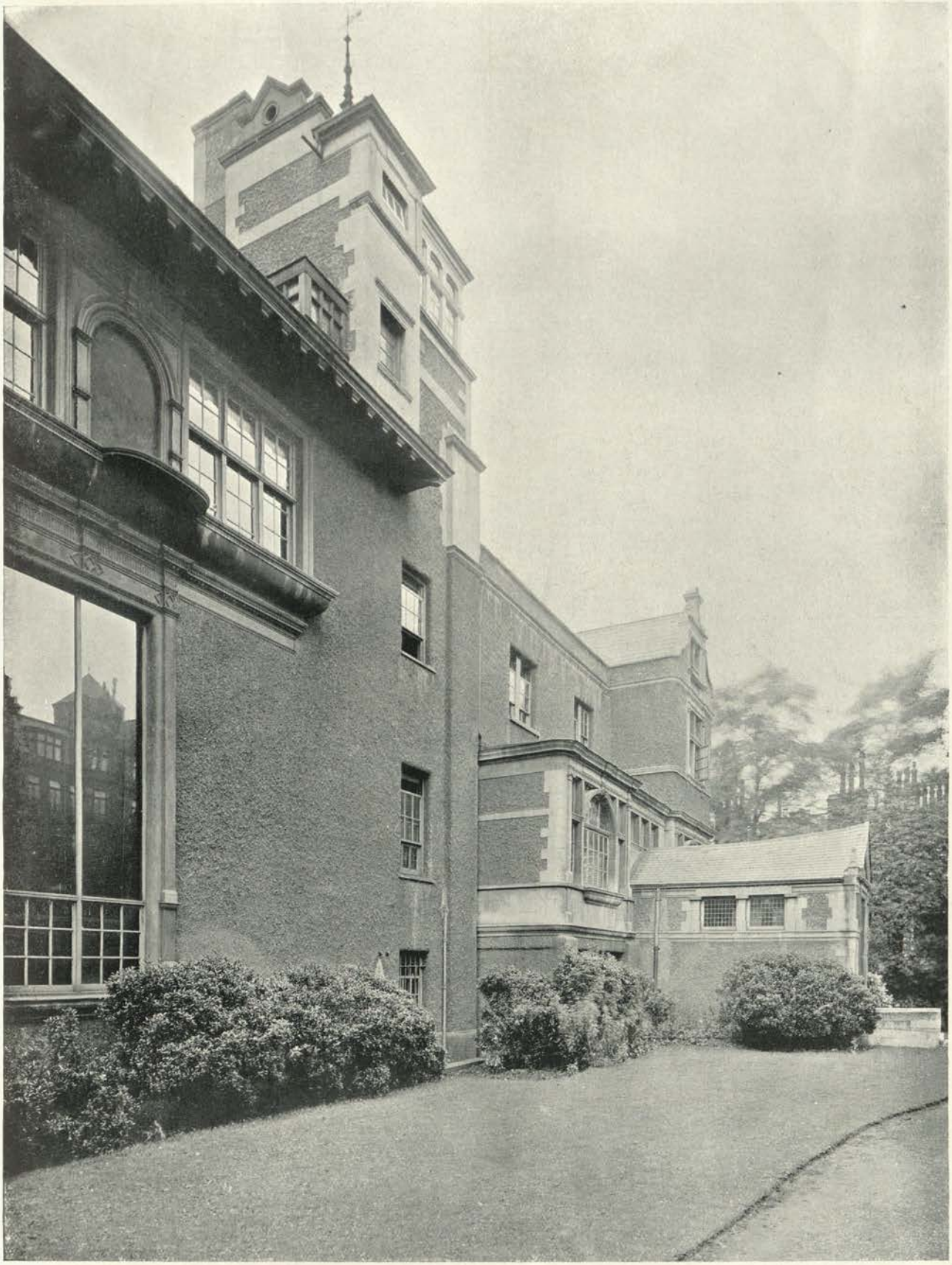
LIST OF WORKS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(The page numbers indicate the works reproduced.)

1865. Temple of Vesta, Rome.
1868. Old Edinburgh: Night.
1869. Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye.
1870. Daybreak.
1871. Into the Depths of the Forest.
The Wind and the Rain (p. 25).

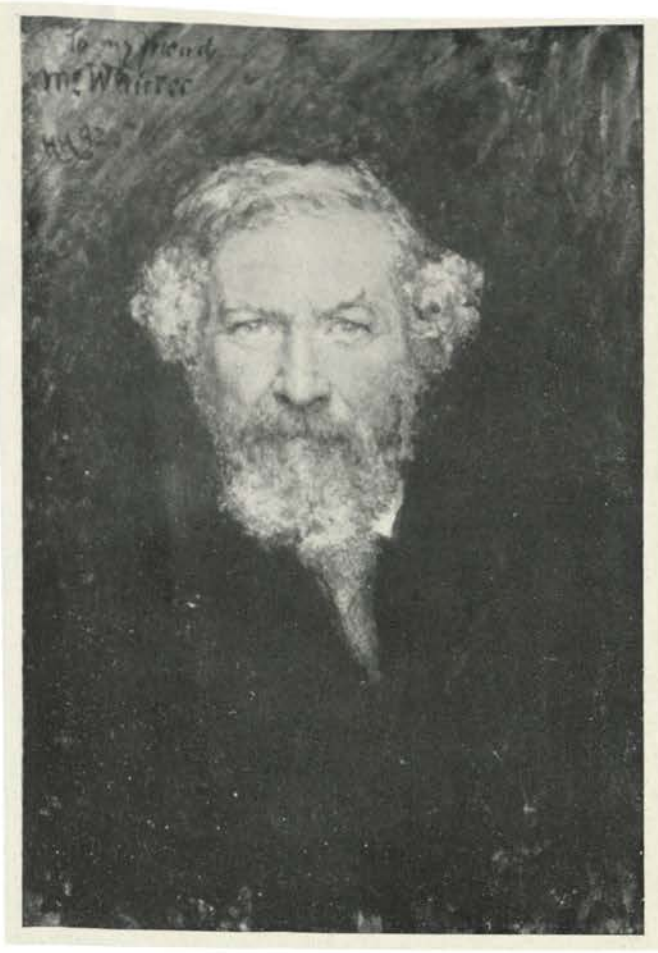
* "The Two Paths." Lect. 4.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY



Exterior View of Mr. MacWhirter's House.

W. Flockhart, F.R.I.B.A., Architect.



John MacWhirter, R.A.
By Professor von Herkomer, R.A.

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1875. "Nemo me Impune Lacessit."
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The Source of a River.
1878. The Vanguard (p. 24).
The Three Graces (p. 7).
1879. The Last Days of Autumn.
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1883. Corrie, Isle of Arran.
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1884. A Sermon by the Sea.
The Windings of the Forth.
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1885. Loch Scavaig, Isle of Skye.
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1892. June in the Austrian Tyrol (p. 19).
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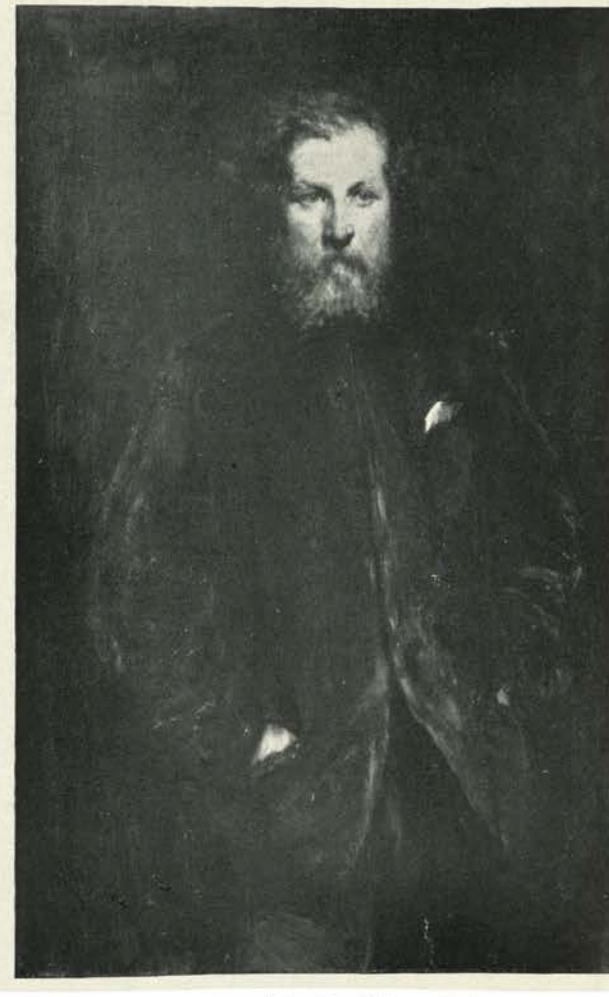

John MacWhirter, R.A.
By John Pettie, R.A.

THE LATE P. H. CALDERON.
THE LATE JOHN PETTIE.

THE LATE T. FAED. MR. J. FARQUHARSON, MR. PETER GRAHAM.
MR. TOM GRAHAM, MR. BRITON RIVIERE.

The Library of the Artist.

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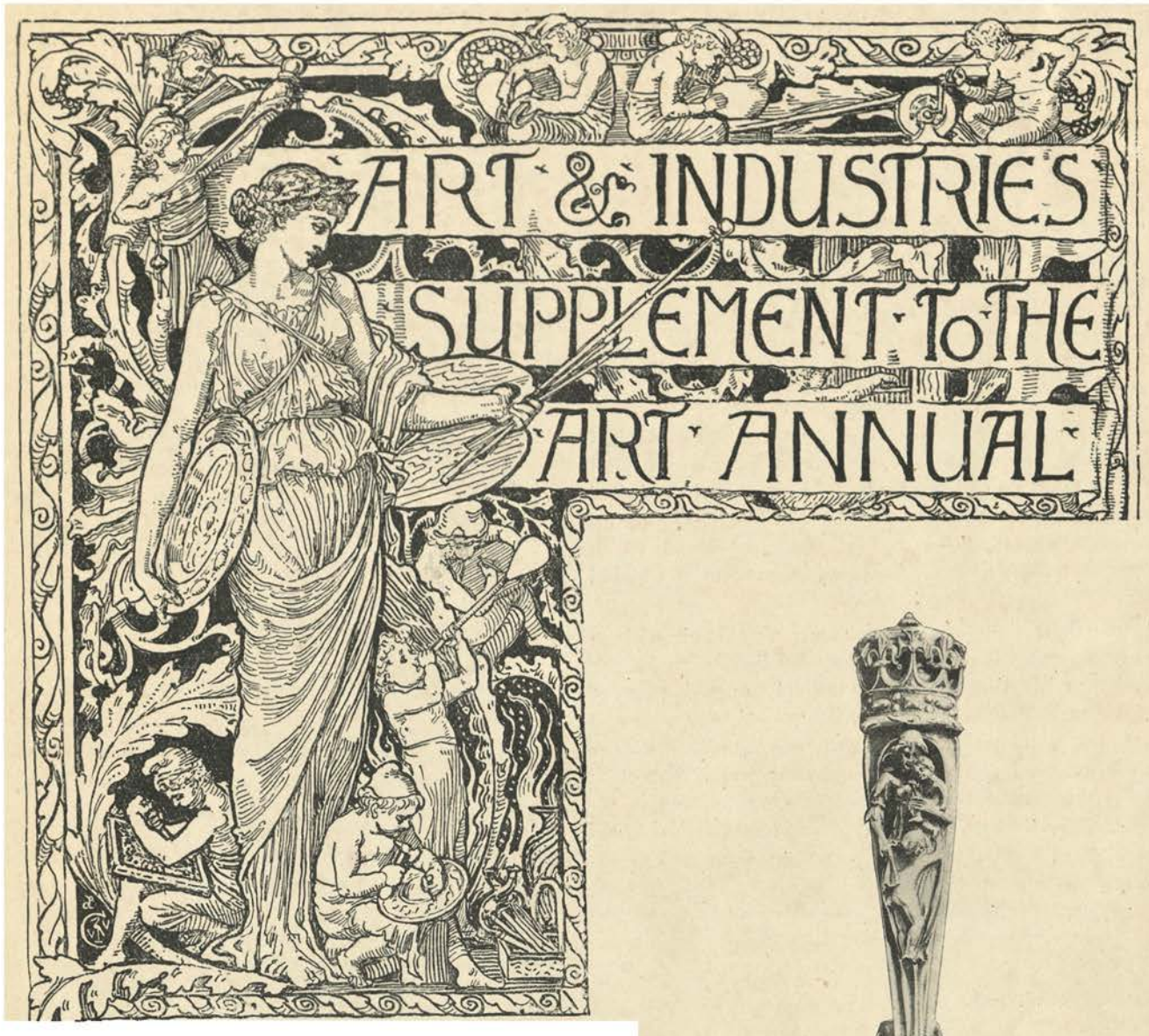
1894. Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel.
1896. June in the Austrian Tyrol.
1897. Otium cum Dignitate.
1900. Dark Loch Coruisk.



The Bromsgrove Guild of Applied Art.

In August, 1893, the late W. E. Gladstone distributed the prizes at the National Workmen's Exhibition, and in an address referred to the value of diversified effort. An interesting simile was given. The statesman said that in his youth, in the days of stage coaches, the road which killed the largest number of horses was the Slough Road. No doubt many people in his audience were curious to know why, that road being for nearly 30 miles a dead level. It might be supposed that it was easier work for the animals; but, on the contrary, facts proved that an up-and-down course was better for them.

The same argument may be applied to human work. Downhill, easy progress refreshes for the uphill strenuous effort, and far more is accomplished than on a path of dead-level monotony. Likewise, it may be taken for granted that, always with a fixed motive, a change of occupation tends towards efficiency. In the case of a

SILVER TROWEL USED BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

Executed by the Bromsgrove Guild.

DECORATED LEAD CISTERN.
By the Bromsgrove Guild.

craftsman relief may be felt either by working in another medium or by instructing and collaborating with a fellow craftsman. It is because of the opportunities for such intercourse that artificers, who work together under good organisation, possess advantages which, except in a few rare instances of great personal initiative, are more or less lost to the individual.

The BROMSGROVE GUILD is an example of the success of this system of artistic co-operation. Artists of peculiar experience and reputation, acting as specialists in the various branches of allied and applied art, each control their own department. Commissions come through a co-operative organisation which is responsible for good business arrangements—important factors in works which demand the due fulfilment of promises, sometimes overlooked by artists.

During the short time of about five years the Guild has been connected with many important schemes of decoration in this country and abroad. Those who have utilised the productions of its workshops and studios include architects and others whose names as patrons or clients sufficiently guarantee the high character of the work executed. At the present time much important public and private work is being executed in the Metropolis, in the great provincial towns, and in country dwellings of all kinds. In the metal shops of the Guild great attention is being paid to the judicious introduction of figure work into decoration, the old traditions, as regards excellence of execution and beauty of expression, being observed, with just that touch of modern character required for modern needs and uses.

Particular attention must be drawn to the work being done in cast and decorated lead, a material now, happily, being much more re-used, irrespective of cost, to supplant its base substitute, a long-accustomed evil, the nightmare of most modern buildings, egg-shell iron. For anything but purely sanitary use lead has been practically ignored in modern times, yet for many centuries it was employed in every building, undoubtedly with advantage, evidence of considerable skill still remaining in many mediæval buildings. A serious effort is being made to uphold this neglected British industry, the accompanying illustrations being simple examples of some of the Guild's productions. Lead, a ductile and malleable metal, which acquires an agreeable black tarnish by exposure, can be advantageously used for statues, fountains, garden cisterns, and in many other purely ornamental ways than for accessory use in buildings. There seems no reason to believe that this branch of art should not again form one of the important artistic concerns of Great Britain, if architects did but realise the fact that modern iron spouting, painted as it may be, is the one discordant effect which spoils the best efforts of the best men.

As regards their work in jewellery, the endeavour of the Guild workers is to create something more decoratively homogeneous than is obtained by a little quick handicraft: to make, by a beautiful decorative use of the figure in metal or enamel, an ornament which will be a source of pleasure and pride to the possessor. To produce work of imperishable splendour is the aim of every true artist; whether the work of the Guild, of any other association, or of any individual artist, will survive the melting-pot is a matter for conjecture. Ruskin bitterly regretted the destruction caused by changes in fashion, and bid people observe that so long as fashion influenced the manufacture of plate and other things there could be no goldsmiths' art in this country.

LEAD WORK.
By the Bromsgrove Guild.

The simple, restrained modelled-plaster work is already well enough known, so illustrations need not be included here.

It is suggested that anyone interested in this work shall communicate with the Secretary, who will be pleased to arrange a visit to the workshops. Emphasis will there be given to the good work performed in the studios of the BROMSGROVE GUILD.

EMBROIDERED PANEL.
By the Bromsgrove Guild.

The Art Journal London Virtue & Co

Painted by G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Black-Eyed Susan

By permission of G. C. Dobell Esq

(Tate Gallery.)

The Weeders of the Pavement, N. Holland (1882).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

George Henry Boughton, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ALTHOUGH many people have been accustomed to include Mr. Boughton among the artists of American origin, like Mr. Whistler, Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. J. J. Shannon, who have come to this country to seek and secure wider opportunities of advancement than seemed to be open to them at home, he is really by birth and descent an Englishman, and has spent only a small part of his life in America. He was born, on December 4th, 1833, at a village near Norwich, where his father was occupied in farming and in other pursuits of a more or less unprofitable kind. In 1834 the whole family migrated to America, where the father hoped to achieve that success as a farmer which seemed to be unattainable in his native land. But not many years afterwards he and his wife both died, and their young son, who was even then but a child of tender years, was left to the care of his elder brothers.

The family had settled at Albany, the capital of the State of New York, and at the District School in that town the boy received the first part of his education; and then he was sent to a commercial academy, that he might be trained for a mercantile career. It soon became evident, however, that this attempt to fix his future occupation was destined to fail. His preferences were by no means in the direction of trade, and he showed plainly in early boyhood that he wished to follow a very different path in life. All his spare moments were occupied in efforts to record his observations of the people and things about him in childish, but none the less purposeful, striving to realise pictorially what he saw. He procured some drawing-books, at which he worked, until he had exhausted all their possibilities of instruction, with a determination to improve which can be taken as a proof of the extent of his enthusiasm, and which is the more worthy of note because in these early artistic essays he was rather discouraged than assisted by the members of his family.

About his next step towards the realisation of his ambition he tells a characteristic story. He had gone into a store to buy some fishing-tackle, and there caught sight of some paint-tubes. The fascination of these was irresistible, and the money which was to have been spent on fish-hooks was laid out instead upon a selection of colours—a striking proof, indeed, that, boy though he was, the artistic craving was strong enough in him to overpower even his love of sport. With these colours, and a piece of canvas glued on a board, he set to work to paint a landscape, which was in due course shown in triumph to his brothers and sisters. That they were as pleased with it as he was may be doubted, for they must have recognised, with such evidence of his desire to choose his own direction, that their intentions with regard to his future must necessarily be abandoned. Anyhow he seems to have been permitted to follow his bent without further interference.

But this absence of interference did not mean that he was allowed to receive a systematic art training. He had to find things out for himself, and to learn as best he could by experiment. For some little while he occupied himself with copies of engravings and of pictures lent to him by friends who sympathised with his aspirations. The first of

The March of Miles Standish (1869).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.
(Collection of G. B. Whitney, Esq.)

these copies was made from an ART JOURNAL plate, after Callcott's 'Crossing the Brook,' and it was so undeniable a success that it removed the lingering doubts as to the wisdom of his choice that were still remaining in the minds of his relations. He was provided with a reasonable supply of painting materials and appliances for his work, and left to carry on his self-education in the manner he thought best.

That he did in a comparatively short time acquire an efficient knowledge of his craft appears from the fact that when he was little more than a lad he painted a small picture, 'The Wayfarer,' of an old man seated by the roadside, and exhibited it in the American Art Union Exhibition at New York. He tells now how he offered the canvas for sale at Albany for eight dollars, without being able to find a purchaser, but that when he sent it to New York he priced it, on the advice of older and more experienced business friends, at fifty dollars, though not without some hesitation over what he felt would be considered unwarrantable impudence on his part. To his delight, however, the expectations of his advisers were completely justified. The picture was bought by the committee of the Art Union, who sent him the money at once, with a letter of praise and encouragement which was naturally extremely gratifying to a young beginner. In his delight at such a piece of good fortune, and with the idea, perhaps, of following up his luck, he invested five dollars of his first earnings as an artist in a ticket for the drawing in connection with the exhibition, and drew one of the prizes, a fine landscape, for which he received and accepted a "sporting offer" of thirty dollars before he had even seen his acquisition. Altogether, he can be said to have made a most successful first appearance, and one full of promise for the future.

So satisfied, indeed, was he with his prospects that he took a studio in Albany, and presented himself to the local art world as a full-blown artist with a right to serious consideration. This right was promptly recognised; he soon made a much more than local reputation, and the list of his clients in Albany and elsewhere quickly began to assume respectable proportions. At that time there was in Albany, and in the city of Troy near by, a strong appreciation of, and a keen interest in, art matters, and the patronage of artists there was both intelligent and liberal. The young painter might, if he had chosen to remain there permanently, have enjoyed a very fair measure of prosperity. But he was anxious, as the sincere worker always is, for more room to expand, and for that wider knowledge of technical details which is only to be obtained by contact with people of other countries where great artistic traditions have flourished for centuries. He saw, too, that his early training must be amplified if he was to take that rank among modern artists to which he aspired.

So in 1856 he came to England for a fairly long visit, to make himself acquainted with the work of the British school, and to see something of his native land. He stayed in London for a few months, and, as can well be imagined, made the fullest use of his opportunities there. Then he went on a prolonged sketching tour, which included the English Lake District, Scotland, and Ireland, and during his wanderings he made an extensive collection of studies. With these he returned to Albany to continue his regular work. He had gained greatly by his trip; his ideas had been enlarged, and his powers had been increased by his

Venus and Neptune—North Holland (about 1886).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.
(Collection of Henry Walters, Esq., Baltimore.)

Rosemary (1896).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Near Strome Ferry (1904).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

observation of the achievements of men more advanced than himself; and his sketches provided him with a store of valuable material, on which he could draw for the making of pictures unlike any that he had hitherto attempted.

His next success was made with a picture called 'Winter Twilight,' which was exhibited at the New York Academy of Design in 1858. It was painted out of doors in the depth of winter, and under conditions which would have daunted anyone but a keen enthusiast. Mr. Boughton's reminiscences in connection with this picture are amusing and are well worth quoting. To accustom himself to the cold which he had to face when working in the open, he painted in a studio without a fire. A visitor came one day and found him in a bare room, furnished only with an easel and a chair or two, with an empty stove, and with the snow lying unmelted on the floor where it had fallen from the artist's feet after a tramp through the drifts outside. The impression made on the mind of this friend, to whom the artist's purpose had not been explained, was that here was indeed a case of penury heroically endured, and so, to rescue a frost-bitten genius, he went away and reported the sad case to a kind-hearted lady of his acquaintance.

The Parting (about 1882).
(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.)
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

This lady promptly came and saw this scene of struggling poverty, and, as she was possessed of much money to back up her warm sympathy, she gave the young artist an important commission and left with him a big cheque on account, so that he might buy the coals he obviously needed to fill his rusty stove. She stipulated that the picture he was to paint for her should be a summer landscape, something pleasantly free from snow or ice. Her consternation can be imagined when she returned a week later and found the stove still empty and rustier than ever, and the floor more covered with snow-heaps than it had been before. Mr. Boughton, to pacify her, had to explain why he was undergoing such privations, and his kindly patroness was so amused at her misunderstanding of his device for acclimatising himself, and so pleased with his determination to arrive at the artistic results he desired, that she became one of his staunchest supporters and was ever afterwards a sincere friend to him.

Another story which he tells concerning this same painting deserves to be included. The canvas, it seems, was at first "skied" when it was hung in the New York

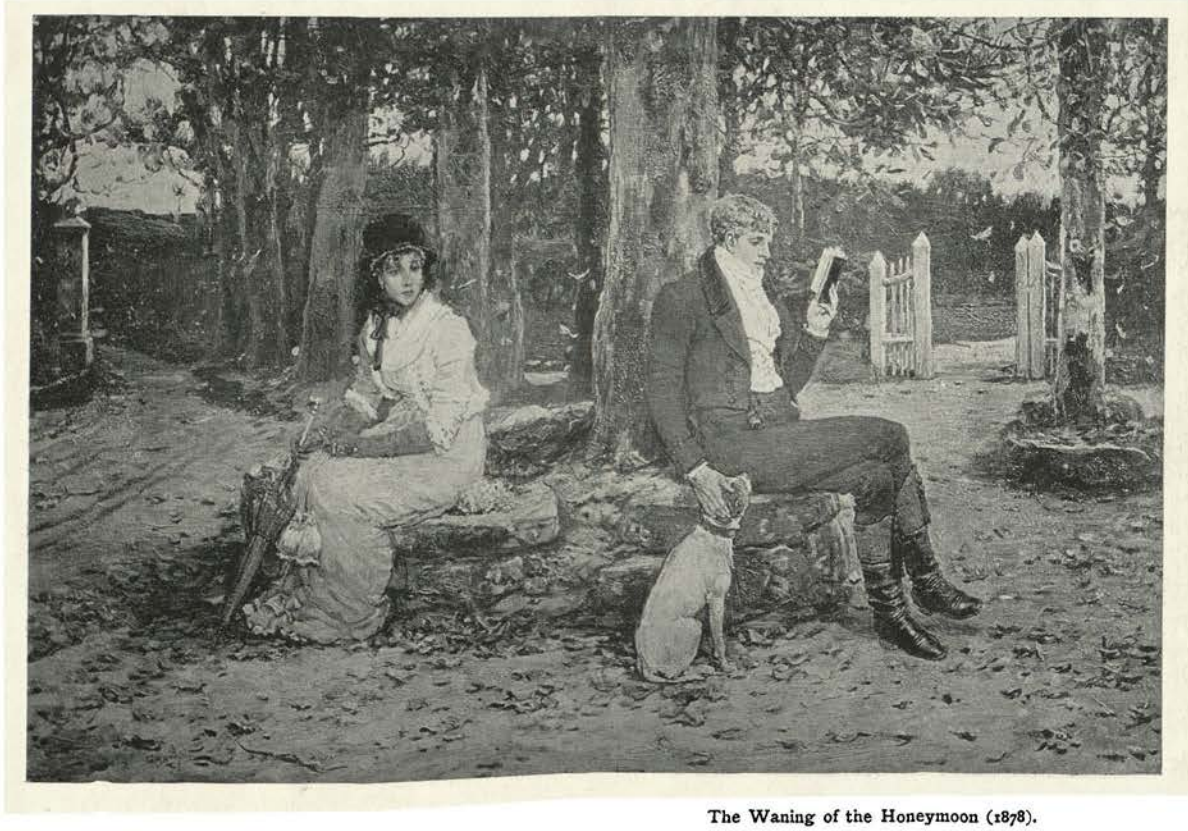
Academy gallery. The excellent President of that institution, Mr. A. B. Durand, had a pleasant and original habit of sending to the exhibitions as many of his own works as he thought the hangers would care to deal with, and then when he found that some stray but worthy effort had got into high obscurity, he would give up one of his own good places (which he had only secured with the intention of giving them up) to the picture which he thought was not being treated as well as its merits deserved. To this noble eccentricity was due a revision of the hanging, so far as it concerned Mr. Boughton's canvas, which took the position on the line occupied by one of the presidential contributions. Mr. Durand followed up this kindly act by another not less characteristic. Several ardent collectors, who had plenty of money to spend on works of art, but no time to select them for themselves, were accustomed to depend upon him for information as to the rising talent which deserved encouragement, and on the President's advice one of these collectors bought the 'Twilight,' and added himself to the rapidly growing list of Mr. Boughton's patrons.

When the exhibition opened the 'Winter Twilight' created a decided sensation. So much, indeed, did it advance the artist's reputation that he decided to move from Albany to New York. He was doing very well in the town where he had lived from babyhood, but he felt that in New York he could take a more prominent position among the better-known American artists, and rise to greater heights in his career. But his stay at New York proved, after all, to be a short one. A millionaire friend, it is said, asked him one day whether he did not think a visit to Europe would be good for him. The artist explained that he did think so, but that his savings towards the cost of the trip happened to be insufficient by about £200. The millionaire promptly presented him with a cheque for the necessary amount, stipulating only that Mr. Boughton, during his stay abroad, should paint him a couple of pictures.

(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.)

The Ferry—A Dainty Fare (1890).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Thus equipped for the journey, he lost no time in starting for Paris, where he arrived in 1860. He went through no regular course of study there, but he received much help



(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.)

The Waning of the Honeymoon (1878).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

(Collection of Charles Stewart Smith, Esq., N.Y.)

A Winter Foursome (about 1902).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

his studies to lead him. He had mastered many of the technicalities of his craft, and what he needed most was guidance in the final shaping of his taste, and help, such as he would obtain only from men of well-matured conviction, in the development of his originality. The years which he had already spent in the practice of his art had shown him exactly where his understanding of executive details was deficient, so that he could seek for information with the certainty that he would profit to the utmost by any hints he might receive. As a matter of fact, this visit to Paris was admirably timed; it came at that moment in his career when the danger that his individuality might suffer under the French influence was no longer to be feared, and it put the finishing touch to his somewhat unconventional training.

and plenty of good advice, first from Edouard May, a pupil of Couture, and afterwards from Edouard Frère; and he spent a great deal of time in the French art galleries. The great educational advantage of this visit to Paris came from his knowledge of the direction in which he desired

After nearly two years spent in France, Mr. Boughton began to think of his return to America. In 1862 he started

(By permission of Sir Edward H. Carbutt, Bart.)

Dancing down the Hay, Orkneys (1887).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

on his homeward journey, and came on his way to London to make his preparations for the voyage across the Atlantic. His intention was to spend a few days only in England, but friends persuaded him to remain for a longer time. One story is that he was walking up Regent Street, and met an American acquaintance who came and saw his work, and then urged him to try his luck in London; another, that he found so many people ready to buy the works which he had brought over with him from Paris, that he saw his way to success as an English artist. At any rate, he abandoned his idea of an immediate return to America, sold his steamer ticket, which he had purchased on his arrival in London, and took a studio at 23, Newman Street. Possibly he only proposed to make an experiment, the results of which were to determine his future plans, but he very soon had the plainest proof that the experimental stage of his venture had ended practically as soon as it had begun. He had not to wait for appreciation; it came at once, and he was launched immediately upon a career which has been ever since exceptionally distinguished.

The first picture he exhibited in London appeared about this time, at the British Institution. It was a small canvas called 'Passing into the Shade,' and it was received with a degree of approval far beyond that usually accorded to the work of an unknown painter. The *Times* praised it without reserve, and other papers singled it out for attention. The note which appeared in the columns of the ART JOURNAL may be quoted, because it gives a good idea of the character and intention of the painting:—

"'Passing into the Shade', a capitally painted picture, points a moral. Here are two old women sauntering arm-in-arm through an autumn wood touched with the sere and yellow leaf, the shadows of evening closing round; they are themselves passing into life's twilight, and the hour of rest and sleep. This suggested symbolism between the natural and the spiritual worlds, this correspondence between the outward life of nature and the inner states of man, lessons of deep wisdom and sources of true poetry, have yet to be worked out by our English artists. Here is a mine, as yet almost unexplored, redolent indeed in riches."

Sentiment, as opposed to sentimentality, was at that time little understood by the artists of this country, and it can well be imagined that the delicate poetry of Mr. Boughton's work was something of a revelation. He had much that was pleasant to say, and he had a charming manner of saying it; so that there was every justification for the unhesitating welcome accorded to him. He had undoubtedly found a mine of admirable material which hardly anyone else was capable of working, because there was then hardly anyone else with his true sense of poetry and correct perception of the possibilities of a simple but yet suggestive subject. He came into the English art world at a moment when an artist of his temperament was wanted, and he showed that he had qualifications of no ordinary kind for the part he proposed to play; hence his rapid advance in the estimation of the public and the high regard in which he has been increasingly held by his fellow-artists.

In 1863 he began that series of contributions to the Academy exhibitions which he has continued without interruption to the present day. For forty years he has been a prolific and industrious worker, and the total number of his pictures which have appeared at the Academy and other galleries in London and the provinces is very considerable. In none of them, it can be safely said, has there been lacking that personal charm which makes the whole of his art so unusually fascinating. He has never attempted anything which did not come fairly within his range—he is too sincere an artist and too judicious in his self-examination to hanker after forms of art for which he is naturally unfitted—but equally he has never narrowed himself down to the repetition of a few motives which were manifestly to the taste of the public. One of the most striking characteristics of his achievement throughout this long period has been its delightful variety; his freshness of imagination, his daintiness of thought have never failed him, and in whatever direction he has turned, he has found material which has served admirably for the display of his spontaneous humour or his delicately poetic fancy. Yet he is emphatically a popular painter; and that he should have taken and retained his position as a favourite of the public may be accounted as not the least of his triumphs. To the artist of real capacity, popularity too often implies the sacrifice of all that is best and noblest in his art and the cultivation of commonplaces which can be made easily intelligible to everyday people. But Mr. Boughton's

Evangeline, a Norman Peasant Girl (1880).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.)

Hester Prynne (1881).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

opularity has come without any surrender on his part of the essential qualities of his accomplishment. He has won over art lovers to his own point of view and has charmed them into understanding of his personal expression.

His Academy pictures in 1863 were a couple of pastorals, 'Through the Fields' and 'Hop-pickers returning: Twilight'; and in 1864 appeared 'Industry' and 'The Interminable Story.' He sent, in 1865, 'Wandering Thoughts' and 'A Breton Haymaker'; this last work the first of a series of pictures of Breton peasant life which he painted during the next few years. To this series belong the 'Wayside Devotion, Brittany' and 'The Swing: Brittany,' in 1866, 'A Breton Pastoral' in 1868, and 'A Wayside Cross: Brittany' in 1869. In 1867 he exhibited only one canvas, but this was particularly important, because it was the first of another series illustrating New England history and romance. The subject of this picture was suggested by a passage in Bartlett's "Pilgrim Fathers." "The few villages were almost isolated, being connected only by long miles of blind pathway through the woods . . . The cavalcade proceeding to the church, the marriage procession (if marriage procession could be thought of in those frightful days) was often interrupted by the death shot of some invisible enemy." He gave the picture the title, 'Early Puritans of New England going to Worship armed, to protect themselves from Indians and Wild Beasts,' and showed in it a train of men, each with a Bible in his belt and armed with a gun, tramping in the company of their wives and children through a snow covered landscape (p. 11). The pathos and dramatic strength of the composition and the vigour of the technical treatment made this work markedly successful, and it put him finally among the most prominent of the younger artists with original ideas and with skill much above the average.*

In addition to the 'Wayside Cross' he had at the Academy in 1869 another New England subject, 'The March of Miles Standish'; among others of the same series the 'Priscilla' (1879), 'Evangeline' (1880), 'Hester Prynne' (1881), 'Suspected of Witchcraft' (1883), 'The Puritans' First Winter in New England: watching for the *Fortune* Relief Ship' must be noted. Many more, like 'The Last of the Mayflower' and 'Ichabod Crane,' went to other exhibitions. To a similar type of historical genre belong his 'Milton visited by Andrew Marvell,' and 'The Councillors of Peter the Headstrong,' which were at the Academy in 1885 and 1886 respectively, and such pictures, to quote from a long list, as 'Milton's First Love,' 'Izaak Walton and the Milkmaids' and 'The Edict of William the Testy,' which is now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington.

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* Concerning this picture Mr. Boughton writes:—"The first few small pictures which I had painted under Edouard Frère in rural France, and afterwards in London under the same pleasant but clinging influence, had always been praised, when noticed, by the kindly critics for just their Frère qualities. This was agreeable enough, but not quite satisfying. I got rather tired of the 'dividends' that I did not feel quite entitled to; so I left the pleasant track, and bethought me of the Puritans and the sad but picturesque episodes in which they played parts. To ensure a 'pilgrimage' into another range of subjects entirely, I chose a larger canvas, and planned a composition with a greater number of figures. The picture was painted in the depths of an English winter, and a sufficiently snowy one."

Braving the Storm (1904).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Painted by G. H. Boughton, R.A.

An Exchange of Greetings.

By permission of Sir W. H. Wills, Bart.

After St. Bartholomew (about 1880).
(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.)
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

himself to producing likenesses of the people, interesting and otherwise, who might have wanted to have themselves painted.

Mr. Boughton's activities have not been confined to the execution of exhibition pictures. He has made a name as an illustrator, and his drawings, sometimes in water-colour, sometimes in black-and-white, for reproduction, have been distinguished always by remarkable qualities. His excursions into literature too have been invariably most acceptable, for he has the rare gift of putting into words, brightly and expressively, the results of his observations of people and things. He can tell a story delightfully, with inimitable humour and vivacity, and with a quaint appreciation of character that is most persuasive ; and he can sum up, with witty brevity, all the essential points of an effective anecdote. His "Sketching Rambles in Holland" is a book of travel which could hardly be equalled as a word-painting of a country and its inhabitants. It is full of charming touches which bring the scenes described vividly before the reader. Not less fascinating are the short stories which he has contributed, from time to time, to *Harper's* and *The Pall Mall* magazines. They are just what might have been expected from a man who has long been famed as one of the wittiest conversationalists of modern times.

It is many years since Mr. Boughton received the official recognition which his capacities amply justified. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1879, and was advanced to the rank of Academician in 1896. Several of his pictures have found their way into public collections, among them his 'Weeders of the Pavement' (p. 1), one of his Dutch subjects, which now hangs in the National Gallery of British Art, and 'When the Dead Leaves fall' (p. 28), an autumn allegory, which was bought by the King of Italy for the Municipal Art Gallery at Rome; and

In 1874 he diverged into another class of imaginative painting, and showed a canvas which had involved a good deal of archæological research, 'God Speed! Pilgrims setting out for Canterbury: Time of Chaucer;' to this class belong also the two Academy pictures, 'After Midnight Mass, Fifteenth Century,' and 'The Road to Camelot,' in 1897 and 1898; and in 1881 came 'A Dead City of the Zuyder Zee: the Town of Hoorn, North Holland,' and 'Scheveningen, Holland,' his first gleanings in a field which has since yielded him abundant results. Of his four pictures in 1882, three represented Dutch subjects, 'The Burgomaster's Daughter,' 'Muiden, North Holland: Exchange of Compliments,' and 'A Dutch Seaside Resort: Discussing the New Arrivals'; there was another, 'A Dutch Ferry, North Holland,' in 1883; 'A Field Handmaiden, Brabant,' and 'A Village below the Sand-Dunes,' in 1884; and more in 1892 and 1899.

At frequent intervals he has exhibited purely fanciful pictures, sometimes allegories, like 'Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny' (1894), and 'By the Dark Waters of Forgetfulness' (1900), sometimes imaginative compositions like 'The Vision at the Martyr's Well' (1893), and sometimes delicate pieces of poetic symbolism like 'The Music in the Pines' (1901), and 'A Fallen Angel' (1902). Then there have been many fine landscapes, some of them winter scenes like those which made Mr. Boughton's early reputation in America; others, like the 'Golden Afternoon: Isle of Wight' (1888), studies of nature in all the glory of her summer dress. Occasionally the artist has occupied himself with portraiture, with most obvious success when his sitters have been children; but, happily, he has resisted the temptation to follow regularly this walk of art. It would indeed have been a matter for regret if he had been induced to give up to portrait-painting any large part of his working life. The art of this country would have lost much if circumstances had compelled him to suppress his poetic and romantic aspirations and to devote

The Councillors of Peter the Headstrong (1886).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Skating Days in Old Brabant (1899).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

others can be seen in galleries in America and the English provinces.

For the benefit of future chroniclers it may be as well to give a list of the places in which he has lived since he settled in London. His first studio, as has been already mentioned, was at 23, Newman Street; in 1866 he was at 23, Russell Street, Fitzroy Square; in 1867 at 8, Denbigh Road, Bayswater, and in 1868 at No. 16 in the same road; but in the following year he moved to Grove Lodge, The Mall, Kensington, where he remained until 1878, when he took up his abode at West House, Campden Hill, Kensington. This house, which was built for him from the designs of Mr. Norman Shaw, is in many ways an ideal abode for an artist, picturesque without being fantastic, and planned with every regard for the comfort of the occupants. It has exactly the appearance which one would expect the house of a man like Mr. Boughton to have—an atmosphere of genial ease and homelike repose, but dignified by a scholarly and refined taste. It proves plainly how great has been the influence of his innate and instinctive æstheticism upon his domestic surroundings, and how truly his art is an essential part of his life.

A Youth of Promise (1883).
(From "Sketching Rambles in Holland.")
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

CHAPTER II.

Figure Pictures.

Although it would not be untrue to say that the most indisputable proofs of Mr. Boughton's mastery have been given in his landscapes, the first place in any detailed analysis of his achievement must be occupied by his figure paintings. He has done so much in this branch of practice, and with such consistency of intellectual intention and technical skill, that, in the view of the general public, he must always rank as an artist who has made his reputation by representations of the human subject. Undeniably there are ample reasons for this popular estimate of his

position in the art world. His subject pictures, whatever the motive they have illustrated, have never lacked those qualities which satisfy the lover of pictorial originality. They have reflected the ideas of a man with wide sympathies and with a most tender appreciation of the more poetic aspects of life, but they have also been distinguished frequently by a degree of dramatic significance which is to be found only in the productions of a painter who is well able to realise its deeper truths as well.

It has been already said that his figure pictures can be grouped conveniently under certain headings, and that they lend themselves sufficiently well to classification as examples of historical genre, poetically fanciful design, imaginative representation of the life of past centuries, and local character study. To the first class belong most of his New England compositions, for in them is recorded much that is of the greatest possible interest to every student of the earlier stages of American history. The 'Early Puritans of New England going to Worship' is essentially an illustration to the chronicles of a country which owes the commencement of its prosperity and progress to the indomitable spirit of the first settlers in districts where almost everything conspired to hamper the spread of civilisation.

So also 'The Puritans' First Winter in New England,' and 'The Last of the Mayflower,' have an historical value, because they show, with a dramatic directness that is not diminished by the studied simplicity of the pictorial setting given to the incidents selected, what were the conditions under which the foundations of the American Republic were laid. Even the less purposely historical pictures, the illustrations of American romance like the 'Hester Prynne,' 'The March of Miles Standish,' and the

Miss Olive Hood (1903).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Early Puritans of New England going to Worship armed (1867).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A

(By permission of Sir James Kitson, Bart.)

A Winter's Tale (about 1893).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

motives from the Knickerbocker History, are made instructive by the care he has taken in them to give the right atmosphere and the correct characterisation. He has painted episodes in New England life, some of them, no doubt, apocryphal; but he has used them as the means of displaying his searching investigation not only of actual details in the costumes and surroundings, but as well of the personal attributes of the people who played prominent parts in the long struggle for very existence. His canvases are the more convincing because he has avoided all the cheaper devices by which popular sympathy can be secured. He has not dwelt upon the grim or forbidding side of the subjects depicted, but has chosen rather to present them with a quiet sincerity which is in itself a kind of reflection of the Puritan spirit.

The same reticence can be praised in those pictures which he has conceived in a lighter vein, and in which he has allowed the humorous side of more or less historical incidents to be seen. Of this branch of his achievement, 'The Councillors of Peter the Headstrong' (p. 9) is an excellent example. It is a pure pictorial comedy, without any touch of farcical exaggeration or caricature, and the point of it is just sufficiently emphasised to be effective without overstepping the right artistic limitations. Equally happy in its humour is the 'Edict of William the Testy,' with its delightful study of stolid character; and 'The Age of Gallantry,' an elderly gentleman knee-deep in a stream reaching after water-lilies for some young girls on the bank, who are more amused than gratified by his gallant efforts, is very acceptable as a gentle satire on the follies of age. Indeed, Mr. Boughton is one of the few artists who can be frivolous without becoming trivial; it is the saving grace of wit that gives to his comedies their special charm, and prevents them, however slight the story they have to tell, from ever seeming to lack a due amount of meaning.

When he paints a picture that is neither dramatic nor humorous, but simply an illustration of an incident from the life of the past, like 'Isaak Walton and the Milkmaids,' 'Milton's First Love,' or 'Milton visited by Andrew Marvell,' he strains after nothing that does not come fairly within the scope of the subject. He arrives at a result that is pleasing by its very absence of any intention to excite strong emotion, and by its frank presentation of plain facts; and the old-world atmosphere with which he invests the scene he records is made more credible by his clearly-expressed sympathy with the spirit of the time. These canvases are not archæological studies, dry and lifeless, but imaginative essays, in which appear the impressions that the artist's mind has received from the history of a period with more picturesque features than are possible under our modern social conditions. They have, too, a technical quality which helps greatly to save them from seeming to have been laboriously constructed upon a literary foundation, for they are invariably treated as if their purpose as pieces of story-telling was almost subordinate to their naturalistic intention as renderings of aerial subtleties and atmospheric effects. That Mr. Boughton is a landscape painter by instinct and preference is obvious enough, even in his most serious historical compositions; he does not assert in them the supreme importance of the characters in the pictorial drama,

Cutting Herbage, Bradant (1884).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

(Reproduced by permission of the Corporation from the picture in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

The Road to Camelot (1898).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

(By permission of Robert Hoe, Esq., New York.)

A Fallen Angel (1902).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

but puts his figures in proper relation to their setting, and makes them correctly incidental in a largely-considered design. Nor does he depart from this principle when he attempts a professedly archæological subject like his 'After Midnight Mass: Fifteenth Century' (p. 27). In this the motive has been quite as much the management of contrasting effects of moonlight and torchlight on a frosty winter's night as the exact reproduction of the costumes and accessories which are characteristic of the period. The figures have all their right atmospheric envelopment, and are not merely set against a background, as is too often the case in this class of picture.

Among his paintings of local character can be included the Brittany subjects of his earlier days and the Dutch motives which have engaged so much of his attention from 1880 onwards. In Brittany he found material for many sympathetic pictures of peasant life, for parallels to his studies of the hard struggles to which the New England settlers were subjected. How well he understood the primitive simplicity of the people and the pastoral quiet of the country is well seen in his 'Breton Peasants going to Market on Christmas Morning,' his 'Breton Pastoral,' his 'Wayside Devotion,' and even in such a suggestion of the faith that dominates the simple peasant's mind as 'The Vision at the Martyr's Well' (p. 25). Of the many artists who have painted Brittany and the Breton people, few have entered so intimately into the spirit of that quiet district.

Not less intimate is his understanding of the Dutchman and his ways. No one shows better what a spell Holland can throw over the painter who is responsive to the strange charm of the country and loves its curious and unusual beauties. Mr. Boughton's wanderings in the Low Countries have not been those of the ordinary tourist; he has not gone there to see the sights, or to plod systematically round in the beaten track. Instead, he has betaken himself to those forgotten corners where the bustle of modern life is unknown and the calm of past centuries broods over people and things. It is in the out-of-the-way places that he has sought his inspiration, and what he has found there he has turned to delightful account. It is possible that his love of Holland is connected to some extent with his study of American history, and that sentiment has had almost as much to do with it as his enjoyment of the rare picturesqueness of the places he has visited during his Dutch excursions. A man as well acquainted as he is with the New England traditions would naturally have a special interest in a country from which came so considerable a proportion of the founders of the United States.

Whatever may have been the cause of his interest in Holland, there is no question about the importance of the influence that it has had upon his artistic career. It has led him to produce a long series of pictures which are not only admirable in their display of his particular gifts, but are also most acceptable additions to the sum total of really memorable modern art. Decidedly the Dutch inspiration has been with him a very real one, and it has never failed him, either in his reconstructions of Holland in the past, or in his representations of what may be seen there to-day by anyone who will seek, as he has done, in the by-ways where the tourist does not stray. To give a list of the most noteworthy of his Dutch canvases would be to catalogue many of his best works, so successful has he always been in his dealings with this phase of his practice.

The "dead cities" of the Zuyder Zee have provided him with some of the happiest of his subjects, for in them the Holland of other days can be seen almost unchanged. Such

pictures as 'Weeders of the Pavement' (p. 1), 'A Dutch Ferry' (plate facing p. 10), and 'An Exchange of Compliments' (plate facing p. 8), show him at the highest level of his accomplishment and with all the qualities of his art under perfect control. They have the fullest measure of his gentle sobriety of manner, and yet they are amply vigorous and firm in execution. The quaintness of the scene is charmingly realised without any over-insistence upon curious features which but little exaggeration could make grotesque; and yet the vein of humour which runs through the pictorial conception is plainly perceptible. They are reflections of the mind of a man who looks at the world in which he finds himself with a keen appreciation of the lighter side of life, but who is too true an artist to allow his sense of humour to diminish the accuracy of his observation or the artistic balance of his achievement. Holland and its people have amused him, but they have excited in him no desire to travesty the quaint reserve of a nation which takes itself quite seriously.

It is notable, however, that he has never followed the lead of the modern Dutch painters, and has never in his work there adopted that sad view of the country which they are so apt to insist upon. They seem to regard their own land and their fellow-men with oddly solemn feelings, and to be a little oppressed by the nature of their surroundings. Some of our artists who have made a study of the Low Countries have fallen under this influence, but Mr. Boughton, with all his fidelity, has avoided any such surrender of his independence. He has seen what he wanted to see, and he has painted what he wanted to paint; but he has kept out of his work all trace of grimness. His Dutch people, men, women, and children, are stolid, placid, and contented with things as they find them, but they are not mournful and are not always occupied in brooding over tragedies small and great. He views them, perhaps, by the light of his own temperament, but that he should do so may be accounted a fortunate circumstance.

In the same way that he chooses to keep aloof from the modern Dutch School in his pictures of present-day Holland, he avoids any imitation of the older masters when he paints a scene from the past. His 'Skating Days in Old Brabant' (p. 10), 'The Outside Edge: a Brabant Skater, Seventeenth Century,' and 'The Burgomaster's Daughter: Skating Costume of the Seventeenth Century,' are as freshly imagined as any of his other works, and as free from attempts to assume a manner which would not properly belong to him. These canvases differ from the rest of his production only in details of costume and in the little touches necessary to mark the period they illustrate; in their treatment of wintry atmosphere and misty, snow-covered landscape, they are distinguished by all his delicate sensitiveness and tender feeling for nature.

Of late years Mr. Boughton has inclined more and more towards a type of practice which allows the fullest scope to his imagination and love of beauty, towards purely poetical ancies, in which neither his historical recollections nor his study of places he has visited, play any perceptible part. In some of these pictures he lives in a world of his own creating, peopled with graceful women and full of quiet nooks where streams flow placidly and trees are stirred by summer breezes, and among the works which show best his application of this idea of life, his 'Black-eyed Susan' (frontispiece) deserves to be particularly noted; in others he personifies, with a kind of gentle melancholy, the sadness of autumn or the grimness of winter. But, whether his mood is grave or gay,

By the Dark Waters of Forgetfulness (1900).

(By permission of W. K. D'Arcy, Esq.) By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

he never fails to charm by the decorative elegance of his design and the delicacy of his poetic sentiment; and he invariably handles such motives with a dainty directness of technical method that is most fascinating.

Although, as a general rule, he is content to confine himself to fantasies which do not profess to have any very profound meaning, and prefers to avoid the elaborate symbolism to which many imaginative painters incline, he has made some conspicuous successes with more compli-

Esmé Robb (1897).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

cated themes. Such pictures as 'The Ordeal of Purity,' 'By the Dark Waters of Forgetfulness' (p. 15), and 'A Fallen Angel' (p. 14), are memorable, not only because they are ambitious pictorial attempts, but also because they show him as a serious thinker well able to deal with the deeper problems of existence. Yet, in becoming serious, he has lost none of his tenderness and none of his grace. The 'Fallen Angel' is exquisite in its refinement of draughtsmanship and in its harmony of subtle colour; and the figure which stands on the brink of the dark river against a background of desolate landscape and lowering clouds in 'By the Dark Waters' is as attractive in its feminine charm as it is convincing in its dramatic significance of gesture. This picture, indeed, has a passionate intensity that is the more remarkable because it has been attained with no sacrifice of those daintier qualities which Mr. Boughton has taught us to expect as inherent attributes of his art.

These qualities have full play in such paintings as 'Doubts and Fears' (p. 20), 'The Music in the Pines' (p. 23), 'Young April,' and especially in that dream of classic times, 'A Tanagraean Pastoral' (plate facing p. 24), in which his decorative adaptation of Nature is perfectly exemplified; but these are only a few out of a large number which are quite as persuasive in their happy expression of his poetic insight and his inexhaustible responsiveness to the witchery of his dream world. In them all the agreement between the purpose of the picture and the method in which it is treated is very well worth studying. Drawing, brushwork, and colour management are controlled by the same desire for delicate suggestion that accounts for his choice of such charmingly abstract motives. No one sees better than he does how out of place would be rigidly academic draughtsmanship or pedantic exactness of execution; or how discordant would be a purely realistic setting for figures which are essentially ideal. So he has cultivated a technical manner which, in its sketchy spontaneity and freedom from mechanical elaboration, is altogether appropriate, a manner that is possible only to an artist who has a thorough knowledge of his craft, and has learned by long experience how to simplify its processes.

In portraiture, as has been already said, his greatest triumphs have been with children. One of his achievements in this class of practice, his painting of a young girl, 'Esmé Robb' (p. 16), can be counted among the most remarkable of modern portraits, so admirable is it in its presentation of the fairy-like grace of childhood, and so exquisite is the way in which he has chosen exactly the right mode of treatment. Another picture to remember is 'Miss Olive Hood' (p. 11), for which he had a sitter whose type of beauty was peculiarly inspiring; and there are others like the 'Katherine, Daughter of J. M. Robb, Esq.,' 'Dorothy, Daughter of W. H. Kendall Grimston, Esq.' and 'Gladys, Daughter of Walter Palmer, Esq.,' all of them exhibited at the Academy, which illustrate well his highest capacities. In many of his portraits he has avoided the restrictions of the modern costume by putting his subjects into fancy dress, and in this way he has been able to arrive at more definitely pictorial results and to gratify his decorative instincts. But he has not made portraiture anything more than an occasional relaxation. The appreciation of his imaginative efforts has been so wide and so effective that he has scarcely had time to spare for following seriously this branch of his profession.

CHAPTER III.

LANDSCAPES.

To speak of Mr. Boughton as a great landscape painter would be by no means an exaggeration. No one who has studied his work would be in any doubt as to his sensitiveness to the beauty of nature or his power to represent, in an absolutely masterly manner, subjects which depend for success upon the intervention of a rarely balanced temperament. His landscapes are not according to the set tradition of this or that school; they have a curiously personal aspect which has plainly not been acquired from any of his predecessors. They reflect his own conviction in their sentiment and character quite as much as in their choice of subject; and technically they have an uncon-

Painted by G. H. Boughton. R.A.

A Dutch Ferry

By permission of the Manchester Whitworth Institute

A Sportswoman on a Highland River (1896).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

ventionality as attractive as that which makes his figure paintings so fascinating. The directness and strength of his method, the freedom of his brushwork, and the subtlety of his statement, are all displayed in a most convincing fashion in these canvases which record the results of his out-of-door studies; and there is in every picture, which realises the impressions he has received from nature herself, complete evidence that he sees with a specially acute perception what is fittest for pictorial treatment, and that he has a capacity such as few other men possess for expressing himself picturesquely, and yet with dignified avoidance of everything trivial or unimportant.

This personal quality in his landscape work is the more interesting because it has the appearance of being an absolutely spontaneous growth. Traces of French influence can be detected in some of his figure compositions, more especially in those which belong to the earlier years of his career; but the evolution of his method of dealing with nature shows no signs of having been controlled by anything but his own preference. In this direction he can fairly be said to have been entirely self-taught. His boyhood in America, it has been already stated, was spent in struggles to acquire a proper command over his materials and to learn how the things he saw could best be rendered pictorially. To landscape particularly he devoted a great deal of attention, and surrounded as he was with inspiring and suggestive subjects, he found out in very early life the right way to represent nature's subtleties and complexities. He widened his experience when, on his first visit to England, he made his sketching tour through the Lake District; and when he returned a little later for that stay in Paris which ended by establishing him once more in his native land, he had definitely formed his style in landscape, and from this style he has since not perceptibly departed.

The Widow's Acre (1879).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

In this development he has followed the same course as most of the men who have excelled in this branch of painting. Few of the greater landscape painters have learned their craft

Deserted (1859).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

systematically or by the help of regular school study. Usually they have enjoyed certain advantages in the way of surroundings by which their imaginations have been stimulated and their selective faculties properly directed; they have been able to keep closely in contact with nature and to cultivate, by constant association, a thorough intimacy with her many moods. They have, moreover, been always endowed with exceptional responsiveness to those refinements of tone and colour and to those delicate touches of poetic sentiment which, despite their elusiveness, must be analysed and understood by everyone who wishes to be something more than a mere topographer. Upon the foundation laid by their early impressions these men have, by the exercise of their faculty of observation, built up that intelligent convention which conveys to the people who see their work a true idea of nature. That each one of them should have his own mode of interpretation, his own style, is a proof that each has sought, in her inexhaustible store of suggestions, those which his instincts tell him he can turn most profitably to account and can use best for the assertion of his particular creed.

How large a part Mr. Boughton's early impressions have played in the formation of his style is shown by the wonderful truth of his winter scenes. The strenuous effort to acquire knowledge which he made when he worked out of doors, through the rigours of an American winter, has had its fullest result; not many painters can approach him in the realisation of the solemn beauty of a winter twilight or the brilliancy of a clear, frosty sky. The extraordinary subtlety ot a snow-covered landscape, seen in the dim light which reduces all details to the merest suggestions, does not disconcert him in the least; he treats such subjects firmly and with the confidence that comes from experience, and yet he misses none of the mystery of the effect represented. He knows exactly what to leave out and how to simplify what he sees, so as to avoid any insistence upon the little things which, though they exist in nature, would diminish the strength of his design. He hits most accurately the mean between bareness and redundancy, and his pictures are, in consequence, always right in balance and in their adjustment of details to the main pictorial scheme.

Of course experience alone would not have given him

A Quiet Corner of the Garnered Field, N. Brabant (1884).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

(From "Sketching Rambles in Holland.")

A Wet Sunday at Arnheim (1883).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

him to forget that it is the mission of the artist to act as an interpreter of nature rather than a literal transcriber, to translate what she has to say into the language of art, and not merely to repeat her phrases unintelligently. The subjects that attract him most are those which do not require what is commonly called photographic accuracy. He does not care to paint canvases which are nothing more than tests of patience and of a capacity to see microscopically; what he desires is scope for the exercise of his imagination and his love of poetry, and for the attainment of that gentle and reposeful dignity which is of such inestimable value as an artistic quality.

In the series of landscapes which he has produced during his working career of some fifty years, two especially stand out as achievements of supreme importance. One of these, the 'Golden Afternoon: the Isle of Wight,' is a pastoral of peculiar charm; the other, the 'Frosty Night,' which was one of the few really great pictures in this year's Academy exhibition, is a winter scene which is worthy to be counted among pictorial classics. Different as they are in subject and in the view of nature which they present, they are both distinguished by the same delightful informality and the same admirably considered adaptation of reality to suit the purposes of an artist with romantic ideals.

the power to paint landscape as he does. It has been of conspicuous advantage to him only because he has naturally that temperamental equipment which has helped to success the other men who rank as masters in this branch of art. To what an extent his instinctive perception of the meaning of nature has guided him is seen quite as plainly in his pictures of summer greenery and of the tender tints of spring as in those which represent the desolation of winter. Moreover, all his landscapes have the same beauty of decorative arrangement which appears in his figure compositions. His unvarying regard for truth does not lead

A Village below the Sand-dunes: high tide (1884).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Doubts and Fears (1903).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

They are equally convincing in their avowal of a singularly frank faith in the correctness of a particular aim; and they have in common that air of quiet confidence which is only seen in the work of a painter who knows that the people to whom he appeals appreciate his sincerity and trust his judgment.

The 'Golden Afternoon' (p. 21) is a work upon which Mr. Boughton might fairly rest his reputation, so perfectly does it embody all that is most desirable in the practice of the landscape painter. The suavity and elegance of the composition lines, the richness of the detail, the largeness and breadth of the general effect, can all be praised without the smallest reservation. But above everything it is the exquisite sympathy with the pastoral beauty of this typically English scene that makes the picture such a rare achievement. Such a subject painted in a matter-of-fact manner would have been pleasing, beyond doubt, but it is too undramatic to bear a merely literal treatment; it would have become nothing more than a pretty view. Seen and interpreted, however, by a man who felt deeply the poetic spirit of the motive and its ideal charm, it assumes a far nobler character. It is in the best sense an impression, but studied completely and understood throughout, a record of the perceptions of an artist with an unusually receptive mind and exceptional responsiveness to nature's promptings. Yet in preserving the accuracy of the impression none of the decorative significance of the subject has been missed, and its possibilities as a basis for a carefully elaborated and ingeniously constructed design have been utilised to the utmost.

If the 'Frosty Night' (p. 29) is less ambitious than the 'Golden Afternoon' in its attack on artistic problems, it is even more memorable as a technical exercise. In the sixteen years that have elapsed since the 'Golden Afternoon' was painted, Mr. Boughton's art has matured perceptibly, and has become more confident in its executive freedom. The motive of the 'Frosty Night' is simpler and not so decoratively imposing as that of the earlier canvas, and therefore in rendering it less intricacy of design has been necessary; but it has offered a special opportunity for studying subtleties of atmosphere and aerial colour. The skill with which these subtleties have been treated is quite astonishing, and all the more because the picture shows no sign of hesitation over difficulties which every expert in the painter's craft would recognise as peculiarly severe. There is no evidence of any struggle; the whole thing is easy and accomplished, and is apparently a spontaneous creation which has been evolved without an effort on the artist's part. Not often can there be seen so effective an instance of the concealment of the means by which an admirable pictorial result has been attained.

One of the best characteristics of the picture is its wonderful beauty of colour. It is, of course, a study in low tones, but it is extraordinarily free from anything like monotony or want of tender gradation. The sky especially is a striking exercise in colour management, luminous, transparent, and fine in quality, and with its tones so accurately modulated that it seems to have the brilliancy and clearness of air itself. The landscape in its harmony of warm and cool greys is charmingly suggested, and, quiet as it is in treatment, is full of delicately varied tints which give animation and vitality to the effect represented. Mr. Boughton has certainly not fallen into the mistake, which so many other artists have made, of forgetting how strong in colour night scenes really are. He knows very well that mere blackness does not suggest their impressive mystery, and that in rendering them lowness of tone need not be obtained by the sacrifice of colour vivacity. In this again his acuteness of insight has stood him in good stead; he has not taken a simply superficial view, but has sought for, and profited by, the chances which subjects of this type present, of investigating refinements of atmospheric effect.

Although these two pictures are particularly prominent in the series of his productions, he has painted many other

(From the picture in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.)

A Golden Afternoon, near Luccumbe, Isle of Wight (1888).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

(Copyright: Virtue and Co.)

Isaac Walton and the Milkmaids (1898).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

landscapes quite worthy to be placed beside them. His 'Winter Nightfall in the Marshes,' his 'Sportswoman on a Highland River' (p. 17), his 'Sunrise after Sharp Frost: Suffolk,' and other pictures amply support his claim to a place among the chief landscape men of our school; moreover, in the great majority of his figure compositions the landscape backgrounds can be unreservedly admired as exquisite in design and in their adaptation of natural facts. Such examples as the settings of the figures in the 'Tanagraean Pastoral' (plate facing p. 24), the 'Road to Camelot' (p. 13), and 'After Midnight Mass' (p. 27): such suggestions of nature's more tragic moods as the dramatic backgrounds in the 'Fallen Angel' (p. 14), and 'By the Dark Waters of Forgetfulness' (p. 15), and such absolutely appropriate surroundings as he has given to the people who play parts in his Dutch scenes, could only have been provided by an artist who had made himself completely a master of the lessons which can be learned by out-of-door study.

Indeed, it is very clear that landscape work is in Mr. Boughton's case not the occasional relaxation of the figure-painter, but the actual foundation of all that is best in his art. In none of his pictures is there to be seen that perfunctory and conventional treatment of nature which satisfies so many men who fix all their attention upon the human interest in their paintings, and are more or less indifferent about the quality of the background and accessories, so long as these fill vacant spaces conveniently. He thinks out his composition as a whole, and fits all the parts of it together with due regard for the unity of its effect. What he really paints, in almost every case, is a landscape with figures, and whether it is the landscape or the figure group that happens to be the more important is a matter which does not perceptibly affect his mode of treatment; he considers always how the people represented can be made to take their right places in an atmospheric scheme. Even his way of dealing with combinations of colour is determined by the same kind of consideration; there is in them a silvery delicacy which comes from his desire to invest every part of his picture with its proper amount of air, and with that tenderly diffused light which is only to be seen in the open. Neither in his colour nor his tone does the influence of the studio appear; he brings

New English Pilgrims waiting for Relief Ship (about 1879).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.)

Arms Akimbo (1883).
(From "Sketching Rambles in Holland.") By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

within doors the freshness and the subtlety of nature, and does not lose touch with them through all the processes by which his picture is built up. No man could do this so consistently and so well unless his nature study had been faithful and sincere through many years, and unless to this study he had brought a peculiarly sympathetic temperament.

CHAPTER IV.

Drawings in Various Mediums.

Although it is as an oil painter that Mr. Boughton has made his greatest successes, he has shown on many occasions that he is very well up in the technicalities of other processes. He is an admirable water-colour painter, a skilful pastellist, and a very able draughtsman in black-and-white. In all these forms of practice he has produced works which have every right to attention as characteristic achievements of an artist who understands and respects the qualities of the medium he is employing, and does not desire to warp it beyond its proper limitations. He is too discriminating to misapply his methods, too good a judge of the practical side of his craft to seek by one manner of working for effects which can be more directly expressed by another, and in consequence there is in all his lighter pictorial exercises a pleasant appropriateness which all art lovers will recognise as especially attractive.

The great majority of his water-colours have been executed for reproduction as illustrations, and have not been publicly exhibited—there was one, however, at the Academy in 1902. It was called 'In Quiet Waters,' and represented a dark-haired girl standing breast-deep in a reedy pool. But as a rule his drawings have not been seen much in this country, or at least not in their original form, though they are numerous and important. There is in New York a society of enthusiastic and wealthy book-lovers, the Grolier Club, which has a very large membership and a sumptuous club-house. The hobby of this club is to publish, for its members only, editions of various books which are got up and decorated in the most perfect manner, and illustrated by artists of notable capacity. From this club Mr. Boughton has received more than one commission which has afforded him opportunities of a type which he would specially value; and in fulfilling these commissions he has made some notable additions to the series of his achievements.

The first work which he undertook for the club was the illustration of an edition in two volumes of Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History," and the second, just completed, was a similar treatment of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." Both these sets of drawings were carried out in colour and on a sufficiently large scale to make possible the attainment of remarkable qualities of design and finish, and they are, as examples of skilful water-colour painting, quite fit to be counted among the performances of the best exponents of the art. These two books are the only ones for which his services have been sought by the Groliers as a club, but many individual members of it have called upon

The Music in the Pines (1901).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

A Winter's Day (1899).

From a pastel drawing by G. H. Boughton, R.A.

him to extra-illustrate its other publications, and to provide drawings for books which they have issued for private circulation among their friends. The sum total of the work done by him in connection with the club is considerable, and it includes many of his happiest efforts. It is a matter for regret that these should, from the circumstances of their production, have remained almost unknown to English people.

However, the editions of Washington Irving's "Rip van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which he illustrated for Messrs. Macmillan, have shown us here how charming his drawings are in fancy and method; and his contributions to *Harper's Magazine*—among which must be noted his "Sketching Rambles in Holland"—and to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, are even more familiar to English readers. Most of these illustrations were done in colour, like those for the Grolier Club books, but they were printed in black-and-white, and so lost in reproduction some of their particular character. Still, even the process of translation into monochrome has not destroyed their grace and vivacity and has not hidden their beauty of technical treatment; they remain excellent examples of illustrative draughtsmanship, despite the more or less disconcerting intervention of the blockmaker and printer.

Besides these drawings produced under special conditions and with a specific purpose, Mr. Boughton has gathered together a large number of slighter sketches and studies in water-colour, which are of the greatest possible interest, because they state with pleasant directness the results of his observations in many directions. In these sketches his use of the medium is notably sound and intelligent; they are expressed with excellent judgment, and they have that straightforward character which shows how complete is the accord between his mind and his hand. They are, too, very agreeably individual in style; his personality is plainly impressed upon them all, and gives to them qualities which can be frankly admired. It is not the least of their merits that they are utterly lacking in that self-consciousness which spoils the slighter works of so many artists. It is quite evident that Mr. Boughton sketches to please himself, and with no desire save to set down clearly matters of which he desires to have a record to which he can refer when he needs to refresh his memory. What other people may think of such efforts does not enter into his calculations. He is quite satisfied if his studies of figures or landscapes have the meaning which he feels they ought to have, and reflect properly the idea which was in his mind when he produced them. But this very indifference to the views of others increases the value of his performances, for it leads him into complete independence, and consequently into more effective display of his artistic capacities.

Technically these studies are distinguished by wonderful vitality and by an economy of mere labour that is exceptionally well judged. His quick insight and his long experience enable him to discriminate accurately between the salient points of his subject and those which are of minor importance, and therefore capable of omission in a sketch which is only intended to deal with certain main facts. His knowledge of refinements of craftsmanship helps him to set down with infinite charm of suggestion, and without any hesitation of touch, just as much as is necessary to realise what he wants to record. Water-colour apparently does not give him any trouble in handling, and its difficulties as a medium for prompt and expressive sketching do not hamper him in the least. He has it fully under control, and he uses it in all its forms with equal freedom and confidence, and always with success. If some day he can be induced to exhibit his sketches, and to show some of those rapid notes which have been too long hidden in his studio, he will be hailed as a water-colour painter of the first rank by many of the people who know him now chiefly by his oil pictures.

Of his pastel drawings a fair number have been exhibited, and consequently the public are better acquainted with his works in this medium than they are with his water-colours. To the exhibitions of the Pastel Society he has

Painted by G. H. Boughton, R.A.

A Tanagraean Pastoral.

been a frequent contributor; he has always sent there things of reasonable importance and of consistently sound quality, so that he has taken a place of some prominence among the men who are working for the revival in this country of this delicate and adaptable art. His belief in the suitability of pastel for many artistic purposes is apparent; he uses it as frequently as water-colour for his sketches and notes, and he does not hesitate to depend upon it for more elaborate and finished performances. His portrait of 'Esmé Robb,' in pastel, is an excellent instance of his management of the medium in large scale work, and is little less memorable than his exquisite oil portrait of the same attractive sitter. It is strictly correct in method, delightfully fresh and tender in colour, and certain in draughtsmanship; and it has, in a very notable degree, that truth of characterisation which is never lacking in his best work.

There are similar beauties of treatment in the other pastels which he has exhibited—fanciful figure subjects and studies of pretty heads like those which he has painted so often in oils. The medium, indeed, is well adapted for imaginative pictures that require delicacy of interpretation and decorative elegance of style. It suits Mr. Boughton, who delights in this type of motive, quite as well as it did the seventeenth century French artists, by whom it was first practically developed; and he uses it with much of their brilliancy and grace of manner. But he never forgets, as some other workers in pastel do at times, that it is not fitted for highly elaborated pictures which can only be efficiently rendered in oils. He keeps it for his lighter fantasies, and for those dainty inventions which demand a certain brief and suggestive sketchiness, and need especially to be dealt with in a spirit of gentle romance.

In the actual handling of the materials he does not adhere invariably to the same mode of practice. His slighter sketches in pastel are as a rule very freely executed upon dark-toned paper, brown or grey, and are only carried just as far as is necessary to make intelligible the meaning that he wishes to convey. They are simply for his own use, and therefore they are nothing more than shorthand notes, the key to which is in his own mind. But, slight as they are, they are of interest to everyone who studies an artist's methods, and understands the way in which he jots down what he wants for future reference. A few lines often suffice, or a few touches of colour; but each line and each touch, no matter how accidental they may seem, has a significance which is real enough to him.

His more complete drawings are much more closely handled, and approach nearer to painting in their character. Instead of the lines which he uses in his sketches, he depends upon soft and broadly stated modellings, and upon subtle modulations of tone and colour, which are blended one into the other with delightful delicacy. At the same time he does not lose the strength of his drawing by lapsing into indefiniteness; he neither hesitates nor fumbles with his materials, and he never tries to hide an uncertain intention under an affectation of technical mystery. In some of these more elaborate drawings he adopts a mixed method, which combines pure pastel with water-colour in such a way that while he gains the fluency and freedom of painting, he retains the lightness and bloom of the soft crayon touches. This mixed method is amply justified by its results, at least, it is justified by the results which he attains; it might, perhaps, be less successful in the hands of a man who had not Mr. Boughton's instinctive perception of the applicability of technical processes, and his notable capacity for profiting by bold experiments. He is essentially an unacademic worker, but, as has been already said, he respects the medium which he may be employing, and he does not attempt to do with it anything that does not come legitimately within its scope. If, as in this instance, he mixes two processes, it is not because he is seeking to evade the difficulties of either, but because he sees that by the combination he can arrive at something which neither would give by itself. If he were not so skilful both as a water-colour painter and a pastellist, he would not be in a position to attempt departures in craftsmanship which, to be properly carried out, require extremely judicious contrivance and an accurate perception of the difference between legitimate practice and mere trickery.

The Vision at the Martyr's Well (1893).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

His unacademic tendencies can easily be detected in his occasional black-and-white drawings. The matter-of-fact, literal, and strictly realistic study, which represents the effect produced upon the great majority of artists by the traditional school training to which they have been subjected in their youth, is not the sort of thing that he cares about, and he never wastes his energies in such unprofitable labour. Even those illustrative drawings which, contrary to his usual custom, he has executed not in colour but in monochrome, are characteristically free from conventionalities of manner; while his studio notes in pencil or chalk have just the same charm of style that fascinates in his pastels and water-colours. Indeed, in these, as in everything else that he does, the influence of his informal upbringing in his career is very

Olivia (about 1900).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

apparent. He has no set system, and he follows no carefully prescribed course; but he does his work as he feels it ought to be done, and by the light of that knowledge which he has acquired by many years of well-directed experiment. Probably a course of academic education would have saved him some time at the outset of his training, but it would not have made him a better artist, and it might even have diminished his brilliancy. We have so many art workers who have been turned out according to pattern and with ready-made beliefs and methods, that we should be specially disposed to welcome one like Mr. Boughton, who has the courage to think for himself and to follow in all branches of his art his own happy inspirations.

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CHAPTER V.

Personal Details.

It has often been said that the character of an artist's work provides a kind of visible expression of his disposition and temperament, and that he reveals in the things he does the true nature of his personality. This contention is certainly justified in Mr. Boughton's case, for it would be difficult to find a more adequate illustration of his kindly and cheery nature than is given in the long series of his paintings. The keynote in the whole of his art is quiet contentment, the happy satisfaction with life as he finds it, which is the plainest proof of an instinctive desire to make the best of things, and to treat the ups and downs of existence with good-humoured toleration. Even in his most serious moments he is never morbid and never inclined towards that pessimistic affectation with which so many modern artists amuse themselves. As a matter of fact, affectation of any kind is impossible to him; he is too frank and wholesome a thinker to play with artificialities in which he cannot honestly believe.

Some people would, perhaps, be disposed to argue that the contentment which so definitely distinguishes him is the natural outcome of his success, and that a painter who has enjoyed throughout his career the most marked popularity would acquire, as a matter of course, a habitual serenity. But in Mr. Boughton's case this would be an inversion of the facts. His success has come to him in great measure as a consequence of his disposition, because the reflection of himself in his work has attracted art lovers to him and has inclined them to accept what he had to offer. There is a large public which is quite prepared to appreciate pictures that present a pretty idea in the right way, and this public he has done his best to satisfy. Yet he has not made the mistake, which is so common and so objectionable, of lowering the quality of his work to suit the tastes of people who delight in trivialities. For all his lightheartedness he takes his art seriously enough, and he thinks and works far too honestly to abandon any of his better principles with the notion that by so doing he might increase his following or improve his market.

Really the whole of his effort has been devoted to the advancement of the idea that the mission of art is to please, and this idea he has interpreted in a way that is perfectly logical in a man of his temperament. He is a lover of beauty in the widest sense, but by beauty he does not mean simply obvious and superficial prettiness. The beauty which pleases and inspires him is that which appeals to his imagination and awakes in him a train of thought that he can follow to a truly æsthetic conclusion. It must not be insipid; it must have character, and in its refinement there must be a due measure of strength. In his landscape work he chooses material which is capable of decorative treatment, and in which there are definite possibilities of quietly effective arrangement: in most of his figure pictures those types of humanity which have the valuable quality of picturesqueness and a distinct charm of personality. It is always for the chance of showing what has been the impression made upon him by his subjects that he craves, because he knows that when this chance comes he can convey to others, in a sufficiently persuasive manner, his own conviction as to what constitutes real beauty.

There is one thing which must be noted, because it shows significantly the trend of his thoughts—his fondness for the word-pictures of the poets. It is, perhaps, a natural consequence of his appreciation of beautiful things that he should be readily responsive to ideas and phrases which are expressed with delicate fancy and with elegance of manner. Not less is it understandable that he, with his constant inclination towards those aspects of nature which are essentially and characteristically poetic, should find in written poetry many sources of inspiration upon which he can draw with complete confidence. Therefore, no one

On the Edge of Holland (about 1884).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

who is well acquainted with his work, and realises the principles on which practically the whole of it has been produced, will see any incongruity in his choice of motives from this class of literature. He cannot be called a literary artist because he has, on many occasions, put into pictorial form scenes and incidents from Longfellow, Tennyson, or Shakespeare. The literary artist is only too often open to reproach on the score that he can do nothing more than visualise imperfectly what has been already too well painted in words to need his illustrative assistance. He is apt to spoil, by his matter-of-fact interpretation, what is better left for picturing by the mind alone, and to reduce to literalness what was intended to be purely fanciful.

But Mr. Boughton is as truly an impressionist in his pictures from the poets as he is in his direct records from nature. It is the beauty of the poem that interests and impresses him, not its descriptive accuracy. He enters into its spirit and puts himself in right relation to its atmosphere, and then, under the influence of the poetic sentiment, he creates his own idea. In this creation he does not necessarily reproduce what he has read; his conception may possibly differ in many ways from what ordinary

(By permission of W. K. D'Arcy, Esq.)

After Midnight Mass, Fifteenth Century (1897).

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

When the Dead Leaves fall (1898).

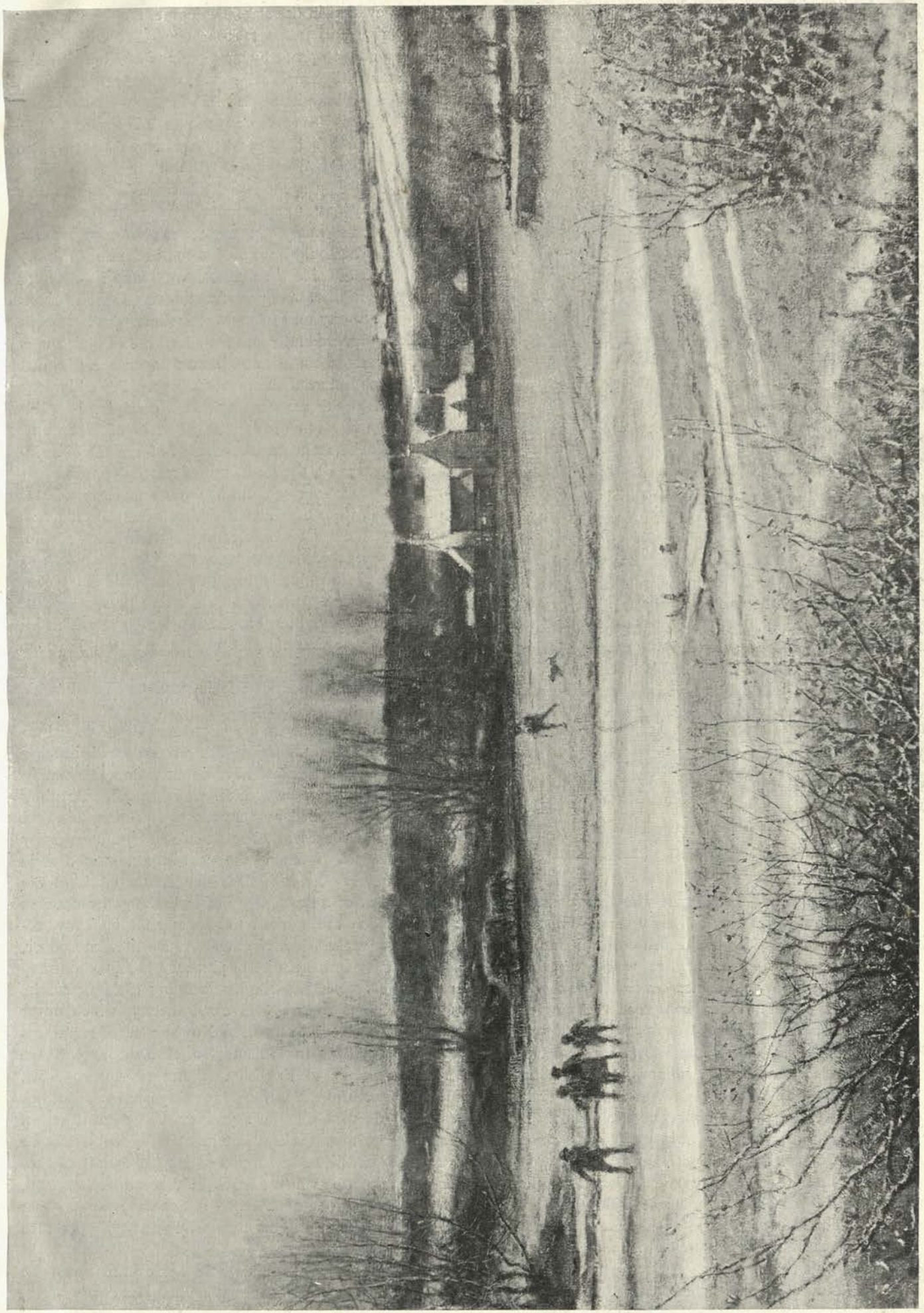
(From the picture bought by the King of Italy for the Municipal Gallery, Rome.)

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

people would assume to have been the poet's intention, but these differences merely represent the divergence between his highly receptive intelligence and that of the average reader who has not an artistic temperament to direct his imaginative conclusions. It is certainly worth noting, as one of Mr. Boughton's characteristics as an artist, that in the pictures which he has painted in response to literary suggestions, he has kept his individuality of manner and has lost none of his freshness of expression. Even in his deliberately illustrative designs his methods are spontaneous and free from any symptom of that striving to reproduce the exact details of the story which is often painfully apparent in the work of the unintelligent illustrator. Yet, thanks to his perception of the beauty of his motive, he always arrives at a result that is charming in effect and, in its delicate way, dramatically convincing.

In some respects he can be said to be out of touch with modern art beliefs, and yet it is to this very absence of sympathy with the creeds which are in fashion at the moment, that he owes at least a measure of his success. An artist who belongs to no school, who follows no recognised tradition, who ranges about from one class of subject to another, and treats them all in a way of his own, is a somewhat surprising spectacle in the present day. Even more surprising is the painter who is neither a pedant nor a popularity hunter, but simply an exponent of a very delicate preference for a particular type of beauty. It is, however, because he has kept so steadily to the line he has marked out for himself that he has gathered round him a host of sympathetic supporters. There are many people who are quite prepared to welcome an artist like Mr. Boughton who, amid the war of art creeds and the wrangling of artistic factions, chooses to devote himself quietly to the cultivation of his own fancies. There are lovers of art who agree with him in his belief that his mission is to give pleasure, and are grateful to him for what he has done to make this belief effective. These people have shown their appreciation in a very practical manner throughout his career, and have raised him to a position among modern artists which is not often enjoyed by a painter who has the courage to be original. That he should have attained such definite success in his lifetime is a matter for congratulation; posthumous honours would certainly not have been denied to him, but it is far more to the point that his reward should have come to him now in direct response to his efforts.

For further evidence of the attractiveness of his personality—evidence that fully corroborates that given by his work—reference may fairly be made to his social life. A list of the people he has known would include practically all who have during the latter half of the nineteenth century played prominent parts in art, literature and the drama in England and America, and many society personages as well who have found in him a delightful companion and a valued friend. It has never been any part of his scheme of existence to shut himself up with his art, or to pose as a recluse occupied solely with the sacred mysteries of his profession; nor has he ever affected that type of Bohemianism which is prone to regard narrow-mindedness as a virtue. His policy has been to go everywhere and know everybody, and to be as ready to exchange ideas with people who disagree with his view as with those who are completely in accord with him. It is this readiness to widen the area of his experiences that has kept his mind so active and his



A Frosty Night (1904).
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

(By permission of Sir W. H. Wills, Bart.)

Left in Charge: Brittany (about 1879).

(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler.)

By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

æsthetic instincts so keen. No man who has counted among his intimates such opposites as Leighton and Whistler, Browning and William Black, could settle down into a groove; contact with such personalities would certainly induce him to avoid those tendencies towards formality of manner which have only too often hampered the progress of artists with great natural ability.

Yet with all this social activity he has never neglected the serious practice of his art. A strenuous worker he has always been, and he has allowed no distractions to make him careless in his craftsmanship or inclined to be satisfied with material which was not fully worthy of his attention. He might, if he had chosen, have gone on repeating those subjects which he had proved to be acceptable to the public, and so have spared himself the labour of seeking for and working out fresh modes of expressing his æsthetic sentiment. But such a surrender of his independence would not have been at all to his taste. In the same way that he finds it a pleasure to know and study many types of people, it is an actual delight to him to range about from one kind of picture to another, and to show how well his theories will serve him under different conditions. Among the many interests with which his life has been filled, Art has been invariably supreme, and its demands upon his energies have never been evaded in the smallest degree, but he has made it a companion and not a task-master. As a consequence he has been able to profit by his moments of relaxation, and to mix freely with congenial spirits, without neglecting his profession or shirking its responsibilities.

That he has been wise in taking advantage of the opportunities he has had of varying his interests no one could deny. The bad effects of all work and no play are proverbial, and they are especially harmful to a man with the artist's sensitive temperament. It is more than a coincidence that so many of the greatest painters whom the world has known should have busied themselves with things apparently quite outside their profession. When Velazquez fulfilled the duties of a Court functionary, when Rubens went from city to city on diplomatic missions, when Holbein and Van Dyck entered fully into the social life of their times and left their work to consort with boon companions, they did not cease to be masters of the painter's craft. Probably they knew better than the modern men how cramping is a life devoted to the working out of a single train of ideas, and they sought deliberately for that change of mental occupation which is, after all, the best form of rest. No mind can feed upon itself for ever without becoming stereotyped and without relapsing into that dulness which is fatal to progress; and, therefore, the artist who confines himself to his studio, or, at most, keeps within the narrow circle of his fellow-workers, who are absolutely in agreement with his views, must end by being a painfully uninteresting person. But, at all events, Mr. Boughton has made no such mistake; he has frankly enjoyed himself in the way that one would expect from a man of his intelligence and refinement of taste, and the good effect of his habit of life is plainly reflected in his pictures.

Not less is it evident in his occasional digressions into literature. The few things he has written are brimming over with cheery humour and have about them a fascinating atmosphere of contentment with things in general. But they are equally distinguished by shrewdness of observation and by knowledge of the world, and particularly by that capacity for selection which is among the most important of artistic gifts. He never overcrowds his details nor confuses his touches, but out of a multiplicity of little things he chooses just those which are wanted to properly fill up his word-picture and to make it convincing. As a writer, moreover, he is very happy in his choice of phrases which, without any affectations of style, express his meaning clearly, and he says what he has to say with easy fluency, which never degenerates into carelessness. No one who reads his "Sketching Rambles in Holland," or, indeed, any of his other contributions to English and American magazines, would imagine that he found literary composition a laborious process, or one which, as he says himself, "takes it out of me much more than the severest painting." Decidedly he has acquired in this, as in his pictorial work, the art of concealing the means by which his delightful results are attained, and has overcome one of the chief difficulties against which all men who seek to express themselves in words have to contend.

Really the record of his whole achievement can be summed up in one word—thoroughness. His dainty ideas, his love of beauty, his quaint and significant humour: all help to make complete the work, whatever it may be, on which he is engaged, and his craftsmanship is always properly

considered with reference to the motive to which it is applied. He is thorough in his study and systematic in the gathering of his material; and he is equally thorough in his technical practice and in his management of those devices of execution by which this material must be shaped into the form which will make it most capable of producing the effect he intends. That he seems to make light of the difficulties of his art is, perhaps, the best proof of all of the completeness of his professional equipment; only the man who knows exactly what he wants to do, and has no hesitation as to how it should be done, can work with enjoyment and can pose successfully as an optimist to whom the vicissitudes of the artist's career are nothing more than interesting incidents in a consistently pleasant existence.

A. L. BALDRY.

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1874. God Speed! Pilgrims setting out for Canterbury: Time of Chaucer.
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By G. H. Boughton, R.A.

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